# THE AMITYVILLE HORROR

## LONG ISLAND

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MGM/Dimension Films

TEXT CRAWL OVER BLACK:

The film you are about to see is based on a true story. The names of certain individuals have been changed to protect their privacy.

DARKNESS

Abounds. Consumes. DEVOURS.

Insert Legend: **November 13th, 1974**

CUT IN:

TIGHT ON CLAMPED LIDS

Before they pop open, giving way to auburn, unblinking eyes. Staring at you. Piercing your very soul.

**INT. DEFEO BASEMENT - WIDER VIEW**

Meet RONNIE DEFEO(23). The face of a wayward child, the eyes of a widow or a war veteran. His troubled gaze fixed on - -

A B&W TV - - REVERSE ANGLE

An "Indian Head" test pattern plays on its snowy screen.

WIDER ANGLE

We take note of Ronnie's bedroom. Barren brick. Cold concrete. Windowless walls.

And Ronnie, poor Ronnie, sits on the edge of his torn mattress, shifting sudden focus with the CLICK(os)of his Panasonic "Drop-Leaf" CLOCK-RADIO.

It's 3:15 A.M. *Exactly.*

Ronnie leans forward, straining to hear the distant sound of a BARKING DOG. Reaching for something under his bed, as we - -

**INT. DEFEO KITCHEN - NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER**

Dark save for the storm-induced LIGHTNING, Ronnie appears, his hollow eyes staring through the window at

THE BOAT-HOUSE(POV)

Its doors wide open and CLANGING in the wind. Inside the inscrutable space, a dog barks(os)a lonely wail.

Ronnie goes to the wall-phone. Takes it off the hook. As he exits frame, we hear nothing but the apian drone of a empty line echoing in our ear...

A REFRIGERATOR

Cracks open, articulating Ronnie as he chugs from a milk-carton. Placing it back and closing the door, as we -

HOLD ON THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

Alphabet magnets arranged to spell: *KATCH 'EM & KILL 'EM.*

RICKZMAN

**INT. HALLWAY — DEFEO HOUSE — MOMENTS LATER**

Ronnie stalks down the lonely corridor, a .35 gauge MARLIN RIFLE in hand as he passes a wall of family photos.

HOLD ON FRAMED PHOTO of young Ronnie with his corpulent father. Arms draped around each other, smiles abound.

**INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM — MOMENTS LATER**

MATCH TO Big Ronald, snoring. Face down on the pillow, he's a bear of a man. His wife sleeps face down beside him.

The wall behind them is finished in SMOKED GLASS MIRROR. In the REFLECTION we see the DOOR OPEN. Ronnie stands there silently. Watching. Waiting.

Right before he pumps 4 rounds into his parents' bodies.

**INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS**

JODIE(8)awakens to gunfire. *Or was that thunder...?*

Over her bed, TWO DISTINCTIVE QUARTER-MOON WINDOWS flicker with LIGHTNING-streaks. For a moment, they resemble...eyes.

**INT. DAWN'S BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS**

DAWN sleeps face down like her parents. Oblivious to the violent THUNDERCLAPS. Ronnie swiftly MOVES INTO SHOT, rifle raised at close range, before we - -

**INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

- - Another BLAST startles Jodie. That <u>wasn't</u> thunder. She takes shelter under her warm, flannel sheets.

**INT. MARK AND JOHN'S BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

The boys sleep face down on separate beds as Ronnie enters, rifle barrel smoking.

And Ronnie steps between the beds, watching over his brothers. Quietly covering them with their blankets like a good big brother should.

Right before he blows their heads off.

**INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

- - Two more BLASTS rock the room. Terrified, Jodie casts the covers aside, hurries to the window.

Lightning streaks the sky, rain pummels the roof. A precarious escape route. Jodie considers it as we hear FOOTSTEPS in the hall, coming closer...

Rick Kuhlman

**INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING/OUTSIDE JODIE'S ROOM**

Ronnie stops before Jodie's closed door. Grins.

**INT. JODIE'S BEDROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Darkness reigns. The bed is empty as cold rain blows through the open dormer. And Ronnie goes to the window, discerning the rain-drenched roof. Jodie: GONE.

Ronnie hurries toward the door before he stops and sees - -

Jodie's closet.

Light bleeds from beneath the door. And Ronnie smiles sadly before opening the closet-door to reveal

JODIE

Clutching her one-eyed YOGI BEAR DOLL.

Ronnie leans closer, brushing a hand over the teddy bear's furry head before fixing the rifle barrel on Jodie, and - -

**EXT. DEFEO HOUSE — NIGHT**

- - Quarter-moon windows FLASH like EYES from the GUNFIRE.

Then deathly silence. The kind that only follows tragedy. Punctured by a monotonous CREAKING SOUND, before we - -

PULL-BACK TO:

A SWINGING SIGNBOARD bearing the Defeo moniker: *"HIGH HOPES."*

OFF this haunting SOUND, we - -

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES SEQUENCE

*See CRIME-SCENES PHOTOS of the Defeo massacre: Corpses on blood-soaked beds; a rifle box propped against a wall.*

Over these, we HEAR the actual 911 calls made by - -

JOEY YESWOIT (O.S.)
(audio tape)
A shooting...it's a shooting...holy shit...

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Sir. Is anyone hurt...?

JOEY YESWOIT (O.S.)
Everyone...they're all dead...

Rick Kurtzman

The 911 CALL CONTINUES over BRIEF FLASHES OF AUTOPSY PHOTOS and ACTUAL NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: "SIX IN AMITYVILLE FAMILY SLAIN" (*NEWSDAY;* 11/14/74); "DEFEO SON ACCUSED" (*NEWSDAY;* 11/15/74). The 911 TAPE ENDS, as we cut to:

SOUND BITES OF ACTUAL NEWS FOOTAGE:

A NEWS CONFERENCE on the lawn of The House: CHYRON: PATRICK MELLON, SUFFOLK COUNTY CHIEF OF DETECTIVES.

CHIEF MELLON
Five of the victims were shot face down on their beds. A sixth was found in a closet.

CHYRON: OFFICER KEN GREGUSKI, 1ST OFFICER AT THE CRIME SCENE

OFFICER GREGUSKI
I've seen a lot of crime scenes, but
(sniffling in emotion)
...I've never seen anything like this.

Bagged bodies are removed in b.g. and placed in coroner vans.

CHYRON: DR. HOWARD C. EDELMAN, SUFFOLK COUNTY CORONER

HOWARD C. EDELMAN
None of it made a helluva lotta sense. All but one of the victims was found in the identical sleeping position...

SOUND BITE: CHIEF MELLON, now sitting behind his desk.

CHIEF MELLON
We thought they mighta' been drugged.

SOUND BITE: CORONER EDELMAN, now in the morgue.

HOWARD C. EDELMAN
The toxicology results came back negative...no evidence of drugs whatsoever.

NEW VIDEO(2004) - CHYRON: OFFICER KEN GREGUSKI

An evidence-tagged .35-GAUGE RIFLE sits before him on a table.

OFFICER GREGUSKI
A .35 gauge Marlin's a loud firearm....and yet nobody, *nobody,* heard a single shot.

NEW VIDEO(2004) - CHYRON: MONSIGNOR CORRADO BALDUCCI, THE VATICAN'S SENIOR EXORCIST/DEMONOLOGIST; AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL."

Rick Kurtzman

MONSIGNOR BALDUCCI
Haunted houses are not just the stuff of camp-fire tales. They're <u>real</u>, and <u>real prices</u> are paid by those who live in them.

On that note the TITLES END, and we **FADE TO BLACK:**

INSERT LEGEND: ***ONE YEAR LATER.***

CUT IN:

**EXT. DEER-PARK, NEW YORK - - 11/22/75 - - MORNING**

TO ESTABLISH. A blue-collar borough, home of the working class and the wish-they-were working.

Identical houses clotted together, we FAVOR a crumbling abode.

CUT TO:

**UNKNOWN POV - - THE CEILING**

A WOMAN'S UPSIDE-DOWN FACE periscopes into view, hovering over us like a specter when she whispers:

WOMAN
*Boo.*

**INT. BEDROOM - - HOUSE - - WIDER VIEW**

REVERSE-ANGLE on the man beneath her, GEORGE LUTZ(30's). He instantly wakes, slams her down, pinning her to the bed.

And you'd think it combative, until KATHY giggles:

KATHY
*Ticklish, ah...*

George buries his head in her neck, peppering her with baby kisses before his gaze strays to the doorway where - -

A LITTLE BOY(CHRIS)

Watches, donning Aqua-Man Pj's and a curious expression.

And George's amorous efforts come to a screeching halt.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Wha - -?
(sees Chris)
Oh, hey, baby, y'okay?

GEORGE
Hey, Chris...

Rick Kurtzman

CHRIS
(to Kathy)
I'm hungry, mommy...

Kathy vaults off the bed, already dressed for the day. Kissing the crown of her boy's head and moving past with:

KATHY
Get dressed and I'll make you breakfast, hon.

She ducks into the bathroom, leaving boy and man behind. And Chris looks at George, and George looks at Chris. Then:

GEORGE
You sleep okay, buddy?

But Chris's by the wall. Gandering up at a framed FAMILY-PHOTO of a ANOTHER MAN with Kathy, Chris and 2 other kids.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Did you know my daddy?

George winces imperceptibly. Soulful when he answers:

GEORGE
Never had the pleasure, pal.

CHRIS
(squints up at George)
Do I have to call you "dad" now?

**INT. BATHROOM - - SAME TIME**

Hearing that question, Kathy slaps the sink off. Listens:

GEORGE (O.S.)
Know what? - You can call me *anything* you want.

Kathy smiles. Reminded why she loves this guy.

**INT. BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

CHRIS
"Anything"?

GEORGE
(a definitive nod)
Anything.

CHRIS
"Stinky?"

GEORGE
Sure.

Rick Kurtzman

CHRIS
"Poopie-head"?

GEORGE
Yup.

CHRIS
"Crap monkey?"

GEORGE
Whoa-whoa. We gotta draw the line somewhere, my man.

Chris giggles. Already a member of George's fan-club.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(shouts through door)
Kath, I'll make breakfast!

CUT TO:

A PLATE OF SCRAMBLED-EGGS

VOICE (O.S.)
This sucks.

**INT. KITCHEN - - HOME - - WIDER VIEW(MOMENTS LATER)**

DANNY's(12)the food critic. Doing his best to avoid George's charms. Not far away, meet the ever-adorable, MISSY(5).

But we're most struck by the house they inhabit. Cramped, 3 cots cramp the living room/den/kitchen.

KATHY
(admonishing)
Danny...

George placates his wife with a look: *It's okay.*

GEORGE
Maybe we'll grab something on the way to school...

DANNY
'Not hungry. And I can walk to school.

KATHY
Not in this neighborhood, you can't.

DANNY
Mom, I'm twelve.

KATHY
Well, before you plan your retirement party, we're gonna drop you off at school.

(MORE)

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY (CONT'D)
(beaming to George)
We got a big day.

MISSY
Why, where'r you guys goin'?

**EXT. AMITYVILLE VILLAGE - - AERIAL SHOT - - DAY**

An affluent suburb on Long Island's South Shore, the buoyant sun beams down on the armada of boats in Amityville Creek.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - - AMITYVILLE VILLAGE - - DAY**

A shabby work van(*"LUTZ CONTRACTORS"*)coughs through the Edenic enclave, eliciting disapproving glances as it goes...

GEORGE (O.S.)
Houses here are way out of our price range, Kath...

**INT. VAN - - MOVING**

George drives as Kathy scours the newspaper listings.

KATHY
(gestures to paper)
Not according to this...

GEORGE
(droll)
Oh, well, then its gotta' be true...

KATHY
Think positive, baby.

GEORGE
You're right. I'm *positive* the houses here are out of our price range.

Kathy smirks, refocusing outside(os)as George softens:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
One day, babe, when the business is goin' good, we'll be able to afford - -

KATHY
(scoots up)
There.

GEORGE
Wha - -?

KATHY
(points)
<u>There</u>. That's it.

We've yet to see outside, George incredulous when he says:

Rick Kurtzman

GEORGE
(there's no way)
Honey...

KATHY
(shoves paper at him)
*Look.*

George compares the address in the paper with - -

THE ENORMOUS HOUSE OUTSIDE(POV)

On the lawn, see a REALTOR - a puff-pastry of a woman, she waves with cherubic glee as George veers to a stop.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Lookit' how friendly they are here..

GEORGE
(low)
They get like that when they think they're gonna make a sale..
(then)
Now, Kath, let's play it cool - -

But Kathy's already out the door, hustling across the green grass. Pumping energetic hands with the realtor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(a sotto smile)
Or *not*...

CUT TO:

THE HULKING FRONT DOOR

As it opens, and the CAMERA PUSHES in on Kathy and George, reacting to what they behold(OS).

GEORGE
*Holy. Shit.*

**INT. ENTRY-WAY - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - REVERSE ANGLE**

And the place is, quite simply, HUGE. Part cave, part cathedral, it's alternately overwhelming and inspiring.

GEORGE
(clears his throat,
underplays)
It's, um, nice...

The realtor smiles. Knows she's got 'em.

REALTOR
Lemme show you around...

SFX: Heels on hardwood.

Rick Kuhlman

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy excitably squeezes George's hand as the realtor shepherds them through...

GEORGE (O.S.)
I think there's been a mistake.

The realtor stops. Turns. Asks:

REALTOR
How's that?

GEORGE
Your ad. In the paper.

He points to said ad. Gestures to the surrounding walls.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
...There's no way.

REALTOR
(a forced smile)
No mistake. That's the price.
(then)
Come on, there's plenty more to see...

After a beat, Kathy and George follow...

**INT. STAIRWELL - - MOMENTS LATER**

The realtor's in a hurry, giving her compulsory "tour" as she trundles towards the second floor. We parachute in:

REALTOR
...There's a vibrant history here, too. In fact - -

KATHY
When you say "vibrant history"...

REALTOR
The house was built in 1692 - the basement, at least; the rest of the house was added from that foundation. It's one of the first Dutch Colonial houses in Long Island...

She stops outside a room. Gestures for them to enter...

**INT. BEDROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Once, not so long ago, the Defeo's boys' room.

REALTOR
You have kids...?

She looks to George for the answer. He defers to Kathy.

Richard Kurtzman

KATHY
Yes, 3.

REALTOR
Well, this would be just perfect, wouldn't it?

And the realtor waddles to the window, orchestrated...

REALTOR (CONT'D)
And the views? - Well, have a look for yourselves...

A blade of sunlight bleeds through the glass, as if inviting Kathy and George to step closer; to see for themselves...

POV: A large pool in a vast backyard. Behind which we see - -

GEORGE (O.S.)
A boat-house...

REALTOR
(a laugh)
Now all you need is a boat, right...

KATHY
Actually, George has a speed-boat.

FAVOR GEORGE, mesmerized. Beholding the boat-house(os).

REALTOR (O.S.)
Sounds like this place was made for you...

**INT. BASEMENT - 4 MOMENTS LATER**

DARKNESS before the realtor opens the door, clicking ON a light as she leads George and Kathy down the stairs.

REALTOR
Now this could be a game-room, a guest-room, anything really...

The room is bereft, a not-so-distant cousin to Ronnie's rendition of it. A glorified dungeon.

George moves deeper, so entranced that he doesn't see THE PANASONIC CLOCK/RADIO at his feet. Nearly trips over it.

REALTOR (CONT'D)
Oops. Careful now...

George picks up the radio. Studies it(frozen at *3:15 A.M.)* A beat before he places it atop a nearby cabinet.

And he surveys the scene, consuming the confines, before - -

Rick Kurtzman

REALTOR (CONT'D)
So...what d'you guys think?

Kathy turns to George, brows arched, eyes aglow.

**INT. KITCHEN - - MOMENTS LATER**

(NOTE: On the refrigerator in the BG, the magnets are gone.)

Kathy and George huddle, their voices low but intense:

GEORGE
...Yeah, it's a value. For people with money.
(before she can speak)
Babe, we buy this, we'll be eating crackers and cardboard for a year. This'll take what little savings we have, and - -

KATHY
We deserve this, George. You deserve this. How many times do you tell me how hard you work for so little? Maybe, today's the day it all pays off.

GEORGE
Kath - -

KATHY
We'll make sacrifices...We'll...
(before he can speak)
This, this is the life we want, the life we've been working for...

George is caving. Stuttering. Stammering.

KATHY (CONT'D)
What, tell me...

She steps closer. Cups his face in her soft hands.

KATHY (CONT'D)
...Tell me what you're thinking.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - SAME TIME**

Fidgety, the realtor checks her watch. Bounces on her feet. Eager to leave this place, she's sent running when she hears - -

KATHY SCREAM(OS)

**INT. KITCHEN - - MOMENTS LATER**

- - She bursts in to see Kathy in George's arms, her legs wrapped around his waist, ecstatic.

Rick Kurtzman

Upon sight of the realtor, George relinquishes his grip on Kathy - who hurriedly tugs her dress down like a dilettante.

REALTOR
We're happy...?

Kathy conceals her smile when she says:

KATHY
We do have one concern...

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER**

The realtor faces the house, Kathy and George's back to it.

REALTOR
A while back, there was a crime.
A...murder.

KATHY
...In the house?

REALTOR
(a terse nod)
Several people. A family.

Kathy goes gulp. Gasps inaudibly.

REALTOR (CONT'D)
(re-inspired)
But the community's moved on, it's a distant memory, and the house, well...

GEORGE (O.S.)
The house didn't do it.

The realtor nods, grateful for the help as we RACK FOCUS TO - -

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The house didn't kill those people...
(turns to Kathy;
impassioned)
You want it, Kath, we'll make it work. I can move my office into the basement 'til we get up and running.

KATHY
Really...?

GEORGE
(big smile)
Really.

Kathy hugs him tight, never wanting to let go as UPBEAT ROCK MUSIC commences, taking us to - -

Rick Kurtzman

**INT. LUTZ VAN - - MOVING**

Pulling up to the corner, the kids excitably disgorge...

**EXT. LAWN - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

Chris jumps for joy upon sight of his new home, shouting:

GEORGE
We're rich! We're rich!

Kathy and George laugh as the MUSIC really kicks in, and we - -

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF MOVING DAY (SUPER 8) - SERIES OF SHOTS:

AMITYVILLE HOUSE. *George unhitches the boat from his van; Movers unload boxes from a truck; Kathy directs movers through the cavernous house; Danny shoots Missy in the face with a water-pistol; Kathy hangs a silver crucifix on the living-room wall; Harry the sheepdog barks at a duck in the desiccated pool; Missy tries to climb the tree-house ladder, reigned back down by Kathy; George lifts Chris onto his shoulders, spins him in circles like Superman; George places a large duffel-bag on a high-shelf in the basement, out of reach; Missy yanks out a kitchen drawer, ALPHABET MAGNETS spilling onto the floor as* MUSIC STOPS, and we - FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 1***

(NOTE: All legends will appear over stark black backdrop.)

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - OVERHEAD SHOT**

The family sits sprawled on the wood floor sans furniture.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Who wants soda...?

**INT. KITCHEN - - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON THE OLD DEFEO REFRIGERATOR as it opens, a flurry of affirmative voices answering George's query...

George reaches in. Snags an arm-basket of Cokes.

STAY ON THE FRIDGE as the door closes, and we see the Alphabet Magnets arranged to spell: *"No Place Like Home."*

CHRIS (O.S.)
I bet there are secret-rooms in here...

Rick Kurtz

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - LATER**

PAN OVER empty pizza boxes as we STOP on the Lutz family, done with their inaugural meal.

CHRIS
...And that they lead to all sorts of cool places, and that...

He continues as we FAVOR KATHY studying her other son...

KATHY
You're not hungry?
(he's silent)
Danny?

Danny, arms wrapped around his knees, shrugs in response.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(slides closer to him)
Trust me, this'll feel like home in no time...

Danny shrugs again, souring the mood. George tries to help:

GEORGE
(stands)
Okay, somebody's gotta do it...
(raises a glass)
A toast.

Kathy follows suit. Stands. Implores her kin to - -

KATHY
Come on, you guys...up, up, up.

Missy and Chris stand as Danny groans but belatedly complies.

GEORGE
This, uh, isn't my thing, but...well...
(earnest)
To a perfect house. For a perfect family.

They clink glasses, Danny slapping his against George's with a bit extra-gusto, before - -

SMASH! George's glass breaks - everyone jumps. Then:

KATHY
Danny!

Danny guiltily goes to clean up the shattered glass as George quells Kathy with a hand to her cheek...

GEORGE
Everything's fine...

Rick Kutzman

Only, it's not because Missy unleashes a harrowing SCREAM:

MISSY
Mommy...Mommy...

Tears come soon thereafter for, you see, there's a streak of blood running down Kathy's face and neck. George realizing:

GEORGE
It's me, it's me...
(shows cut palm)
My hand...

Kathy grabs her daughter. Pulls her close. Comforting:

KATHY
It's okay, sweety...nothing's gonna hurt mommy...we're all safe here...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - - NIGHT**

His hand bandaged, George watches Kathy transfer clothes from a suitcase to a drawer. Intense and unblinking.

KATHY
(a self-conscience giggle)
What...?

GEORGE
I could just look at you forever.

KATHY
Stop, you're embarrassing me.
(beat)
Keep going.

They share a laugh, before - -

GEORGE
Is Danny okay?

KATHY
He'll be fine. It's Missy I'm worried about.

GEORGE
It's always tough making new friends...

KATHY
Well, that's the thing. She *did* make them. *Literally.*
(off George)
She has all these...*imaginary* friends.

Rick Kunzman

GEORGE
Ah, that's normal, Kath. Didn't you have an imaginary pal when you were a kid?

KATHY
Yeah, we called him "Dad"...

Before George can respond - THE PHONE RINGS.

GEORGE
Ooh, our first call...

He goes to the night-stand. Snags the phone:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(bad British accent)
Hello, the Lutz residence, how may I help you...?

But his grin falters when he hears the voice on the other-end(OS). And he simply listens. And flatly says:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
She's right here, Trish...
(hands phone to Kathy, wry)
Your mother's gotta stop gushing over me, it's embarrassing...

Kathy looks no more elated to take the call, but...

KATHY
(into phone)
Hey, ma'...no, we're all moved in, uh-huh...

George stops. Shivers. His arms wrapped around his torso as if in sudden need of a sweater.

GEORGE
Are you cold...?

But Kathy's still on the phone, rolling her eyes, making yapping motions with her hand as the conversation continues...

George pulls his shoulders in tight from the chill. Exits.

**INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - - ANGLE FROM BELOW - - MOMENTS LATER**

Peering through the pervasive DARKNESS as a shadowy figure descends towards CAMERA...

And we HEAR an incoherent chatter, voices, before - -

CLICK(OS). Ushering in light. And silence.

Rick Kuhlman

George, articulated by yellow fluorescent shop-lights, enters the cluttered space, pregnant with POWER-TOOLS and building materials for his future office.

And now, down here, we're acutely aware of a DRONING SOUND.

George ganders up at the overhead lights, blinking rhythmically like a flailing heart-beat...

Still freezing, he opens the furnace gate to see an austere fire burning. The nearby wood sparse.

And George feeds logs into the furnace when he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)
*...Catch 'em...*

In his ear, he whirls around to see...no one. Nearly jumping yet again when he hears a burst of STATIC(OS).

From the Panasonic Clock/Radio.

The source of the sound. Plugged into the wall. A radio drama plays(the alarm presumably went off inadvertently).

George notes the time frozen on the clock(*3:15 A.M*)as he yanks the plug from the wall-socket.

STAY IN THE BASEMENT

As George chuckles at his folly, trundling up the steps. Oblivious to the tendril of flame that spits from the furnace once he's gone, as we PRE-LAP:

KATHY (O.S.)
You say your prayers?

**INT. BOYS' ROOM - - 2ND FLOOR - - CONTINUOUS**

Kathy tucks Chris and Danny in for the night...

(NOTE: See that Chris has spelled his name in a colorful LIGHT BRIGHT that rests on the foot of his bed.)

CHRIS
Uh-huh. Said 'em *twice*.

KATHY
What'd you pray for?

CHRIS
(duh)
If I tell you it won't come true, mommy...

DANNY
Why don't you tell him the truth?

Rick Nurzman

KATHY
What?

DANNY
There's no God to pray to.

KATHY
Danny.

DANNY
Is this the same God that took dad from us? Is that the God I should pray to?

Chris's brows furrow, his face scrunched tight as if fending off tears. Trained, he covers his ears.

KATHY
(low; to Danny)
*Don't say that.*

Danny sighs. Turns over in bed, his back to his mom - who leans down beside him. Voice soft:

KATHY (CONT'D)
There are things in the world that can't be explained. You just have to believe that there are higher powers...
(Danny's silent)
Danny. Look at me.
(he doesn't; she proceeds)
I need you to give George a chance, okay?
(Danny's still silent)
You're not being disloyal to dad by liking George...He doesn't wanna be anything but your friend...and then, maybe, one day, more. Nobody'll ever replace your dad, honey...

And only now does Danny turn to face his mom.

DANNY
For you, too?

KATHY
For me, too.

She kisses him "good-night" as the CAMERA INCHES out into...

**THE HALLWAY - - CONTINUOUS**

...Where we see George, listening. Hard to tell if he's hurt. Or angry.

George shuffles silently down the hall, as we...

Rick Kirkman

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - NIGHT**

The lights go OUT, leaving only the attic windows aglow. And for a moment, it resembles a living, breathing, thing.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

Insert legend: ***DAY 3***

KATHY (O.S.)
Rise and shine, pumpkin-head...

CUT IN:

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - - MORNING**

TRACK WITH KATHY, heeding LAUGHTER coming from Missy's room.

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Missy's awake. And alone.

Sprawled on the floor, an Etch-A-Sketch on her lap, she speaks to the ether:

MISSY
How many brothers and sisters do you have?

Only one voice answers -

KATHY (O.S.)
Missy?

Kathy steps into the room, face racked with maternal angst. We spot a RED BALLOON tied to the doorknob.

MISSY
Hey, mommy.

KATHY
Who you talkin' to, hon?

MISSY
The girl who lives in my closet.

KATHY
(indulges her)
Oh, yeah? What's her name?

MISSY
Jodie.

KATHY
You know there are plenty of little girls to meet in town, too...

Rick Kurtzman

MISSY
(goes back to etch-a-sketch)
I know. But they're mean. Even Jodie says.

Kathy steps closer. Sees the picture on Missy's toy.

KATHY
Is that Jodie?

MISSY
No, silly...that's someone else.
(a surreptitious whisper)
*I'm not 'sposed to say who.*

She places a finger to her lips *(shhh)*. Points to the Etch-A-Sketch and the crude but unnerving drawing on it.

Captivated, Kathy leans down for a closer look before - Missy erases the drawing with a shake of her tiny wrist.

And again looks up at her mommy. *Shhhh.*

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - - MORNING**

CLOSE ON GEORGE, eyes popping instantly open as he hacks a hideous COUGH, and squints at

KATHY

Who enters, surprised to see her husband - -

KATHY
Still in bed...? - you coming down with something?

George rouses upright. Snorts a throat-full of phlegm.

KATHY (CONT'D)
That's attractive...

GEORGE
(grumbles)
Goddamn allergies...

KATHY
What're you allergic to, common sense?
Stay home, rest.

He stands. Hobbles to the mirror, catching sight of his haggard reflection

IN THE MIRROR

As Kathy comes in behind him, wrapping her arms around his thick chest. Working her way up to his brow.

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY (CONT'D)
(feels for temperature)
You're running hot.

GEORGE
That might be on accounta' where you're standing, hon...

KATHY
Ha-ha. Back to bed.

GEORGE
(turns to face her)
Babe, I'm running a business now. I can't afford days off. As it is, I lost a week on the move...

KATHY
How much good you gonna be if you get sicker? I'm telling you, deal with it now or deal with it later.

George looks at her. Grins.

KATHY (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

GEORGE
(palms up in surrender)
Okay, okay...

KATHY
(points)
Back to bed.

As he heads back from whence he came...

GEORGE
How can you make that phrase sound so unappealing?

But he slides under the covers, as we - - TIME FADE TO:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE — LATER**

After hours, we only hear dead leaves blow across the yard.

**INT. AIR DUCT - HEATING SYSTEM - THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

THE CAMERA TRACKS A FLOATING, VAPOROUS AIR MASS through a moldy duct and PASSES THROUGH A VENT into...

THE BOYS' BEDROOM (2ND FLOOR)

The VAPOROUS MASS wafts down from the VENT and spreads through the room. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN to find...

CHRIS

Rick Kurtzman

Sleeping restively as the vaporous mass envelops him. And he wakes with a start, head on a swivel.

Instantly aware of an overwhelming and awful...smell. Face contorted, elbow defensively positioned over his nose, Chris appeals to his older brother...

CHRIS
Danny. Wake up. It smells again.

Danny remains face down on the pillow, fast asleep. Chris hops out of bed, goes to Danny, nudges him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Get up. I gotta go pee.

Hear BREATHING. Slow and deep. Not Danny's. Or Chris's.

And Chris's eyes trace the EERIE SOUND to the VENT above.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(nudging Danny harder)
Get. Up.

Nothing doing. Danny's still as stone. Chris turns to Harry, the sheepdog out cold on a beanbag-chair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
*Harry. Get up...*

The dog doesn't budge. Chris contorts, fighting his aching bladder. Unable to hold it any longer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(relenting)
Oh, boy...

**INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Chris cautiously negotiates the corridor, every step a mile before - he looks right. And GASPS.

For there, standing at the end of the long, dark hall, staring back at him, is a SMALL BOY. A horrific moment, before...

Chris realizes he's seeing HIMSELF in the MIRROR.

He resumes his journey down the shadowy hall, the floorboards MOANING with each tentative step.

When he stops....the FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE. BEHIND him. Too scared to look back, Chris races to - -

THE BATHROOM

- - And promptly slams the door. Locks it. Hits the lights. And slowly presses his ear to the door, hearing...SILENCE.

Rick Kurtzman

He sighs. Turns to see the toilet. Does the deed.

Appropriately relieved, he flushes. Deliberates his next move, suspiciously eyeing the door.

He steps before the MIRROR, expecting to see something ghastly staring back. Seeing only himself.

He exhales. Turns the faucet on - GASEOUS AIR BURSTS OUT.

Chris nearly sheds his skin. Freaked the fuck out.

But he settles down. Regains a semblance of control. And mustering unseen strength, unlocks the door...

**INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - - CONTINUOUS**

Chris's tiny head peaks out, looking left to right, the proverbial coast clear, before all at once - -

- - He sprints down the hall, ducking into his room. Slamming the door in our face. HOLD.

*Was that a shadow that just streaked past?*

**INT. BOYS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

His back pressed to the door, Chris's breathing calms, his body deflating, until he sees THE LIGHT BRIGHT SET.

At the foot of his bed, in glowing red letters, its been arranged to spell: *"GET OUT!"*

Off Chris, reacting, we...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

George moves fitfully in bed, beads of sweat tickling down his pallid face. In the throes of a dream.

A FINGER

Goes to his lips. KATHY. He looks up at her, earnest.

KATHY
*Shhh.*

She peels her robe off, letting it drop diaphanously to the floor as her naked form slides under the sheets beside him.

And they begin to make love as the CAMERA RISES TO THE SMOKED GLASS MIRROR-WALL - where we catch the reflection of the bedroom door as it opens slightly...

Rick Kurtzman

A ghostly YOUNG GIRL watching from the hallway, her chalk white face partially subsumed in shadow, before we - -

FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 5***

CUT IN:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - MORNING**

A rheumy haze drifts over this rusty grey whale...

**EXT. AMITYVILLE VILLAGE - - MORNING**

Oddly, the cumulous clouds surrounding the house are nowhere to be found in the town. As if impervious or insulated.

The Lutz van purrs through the serene streets, a Rockwellian luster infecting every inch of this place...

**INT. LUTZ VAN - - MOVING**

And Kathy can't contain her glee, downright giddy upon sight of this idyllic town she's proud to call "home"...

...Singing loudly(and badly)along with the radio as she pulls into the local grocery-store parking lot, and we - -

HARD CUT TO:

THWACK! - AN AXE

Perfectly splits a log in-two. Right down the middle.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - WIDER VIEW**

George, donning a thick parka over his flannel pajamas, swings the axe with increasing might and momentum. In rhythm.

*THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.*

He emits a guttural growl as the next swing hits with the most sonorous THWACK yet, and we - -

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. CHECK-OUT LINE - - GROCERY STORE - - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON FLANK STEAK

As a YOUNG CLERK rings Kathy up, asking:

CLERK
Find everything you need, okay?

KATHY
I sure did, thanks.

Rick Kuttman

Kathy buys in bulk, leaving the clerk to conclude:

CLERK
Lemme guess: *Boys.*

KATHY
Three. Including the overgrown one who happens to be my husband...
(the clerk laughs)
We just moved here.

CLERK
You'll love it...great place to raise kids.
(off register)
Total's $45.11.

As Kathy collects and counts cash...

CLERK (CONT'D)
I'll put you on our mailing list - we like to let folks know when we got sales and stuff...

KATHY
Great...

The check-out chick snags a pencil, poised atop a clip-board.

CLERK
What's your address?

Kathy relays said information, the clerk halting for a brief, but telling, moment upon hearing the address. A BEAT.

The clerk recovers with a surface smile, continuing, as we - -

HARD CUT TO:

LOG POV - - LOOKING UP AT GEORGE

As he raises the axe, bringing it down on us with furious force that splits us right down the middle.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - WIDER VIEW**

Enervated, George leaves the axe embedded in the log, before turning around to see - -

A MAN IN A METAL-MASK

A vile medieval antique, replete with horns and a funnel leading into its mouth...

And George might recoil if not for the fact that the man behind the mask is, er, rather short.

George palms the mask from Chris's face.

Rick Kritzman

GEORGE
(sharp; re: Mask)
Where'd you get this?

CHRIS
Harry and I found it...

The sheep-dog BARKS confirmation...

GEORGE
Where?

CHRIS
(weakly)
In the basement...

GEORGE
Not the basement. My office.

The van pulls into the driveway in the BG...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You don't go down there, ever.
Understood?

Chris, unaccustomed to this side of George, nods. Staving off the onset of tears.

Danny watches it all from the porch. More surprised(and disappointed)than he'd care to admit.

A HONK breaks the tension, Kathy waving to her men. Shouting:

KATHY
Guys, I could use some help with the groceries...

GEORGE
(to Danny and Chris)
Go help your mom.

Chris wipes his eyes, running off before - George grabs him by the wrist. And pulls him in. For a hug. And a whisper:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
*I'm sorry.*

Danny looks back, unable to suppress a small smile. Growing to like George in spite of himself.

STAY ON GEORGE

As the boys hustle past and we see a troubled glaze take residence on his face. Not sure what's happening to him.

KATHY (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
How ya' feeling?

Rick Kurtzman

**INT. KITCHEN - - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy unpacks groceries as George enters, a sweaty mess.

GEORGE
Good, good.

We don't believe him. Neither does Kathy.

KATHY
I found a baby-sitter off a board at the grocery store...

GEORGE
(wry)
Danny'l love that...

KATHY
How 'bout we call it a "young adult sitter"...?

GEORGE
Good luck with that...

KATHY
(then; a thought)
Where's Missy?

George looks blankly back, about to answer, before - -

HARRY BARKS(os)loudly from outside.

Off Kathy and George, trading eyes, we...

**EXT. BACKSIDE - - HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy and George hustle towards the sound of Harry's barking, passing Chris and Danny with - -

KATHY
Stay here.

Up ahead, Kathy and George see

THE BOAT-HOUSE

The doors wide-open, the barking emanating from within...they blaze through, hearing the sounds of MISSY'S LAUGHTER(os).

CLOSE ON GEORGE AND KATHY

As they come to a collective halt, eyes agog, jaws agape.

For there, atop the docked speed-boat is MISSY. Perilously ebbing in the water, unattended. Red-balloon in hand.

MISSY
Hi, mommy...

Rick Kurtzman

Kathy's hand goes to her mouth as if to stifle a scream, an Edvard Munch painting come to life.

George exhibits considerably more calm:

GEORGE
Can you walk slowly to the other end of the boat, Ame? Can you do that for me?

A beat. Missy nods. Casually complying with the command before George reaches down. Pulls her up. And hands her to Kathy.

And Mother hugs daughter before - -

KATHY
What were you thinking, Missy?!

MISSY
Jodie wanted to see the boat.

Kathy pulls her in for another hug. An opportunity to bore her incendiary eyes into George when she says:

KATHY
S'okay, darlin'. Somebody should'a been watching you. This place is off-limits.

George glares back, eyes unblinking. A disquieting gaze that makes Kathy avert her eyes. And take Missy back inside.

And George glances back at the boathouse doors, as we - -

MATCH CUT TO:

A BRAND NEW PADLOCK -- LATER

As it's clasped onto the DOOR LATCH. WIDER to see George slip a GOLD KEY into his KEY-RING.

*That* ought' keep the kids out.

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE -- NIGHT**

A LOW ANGLE, we peer up at the edifice in all its enormity.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Kathy gives Missy a bath in sudsy, toy-filled water.

KATHY
D'you understand why mommy got so upset?

Rick Kurtzman

MISSY
(by rote)
'Cuz I'm only five and I could'a got hurt.

KATHY
Promise me you'll never go in there again without Mommy or George.

MISSY
I promise.

But she peers up at Kathy with those adorable, azure eyes.

KATHY
And no angel eyes. I'm trying to be mad at you.
(a kiss)
Sweet-dreams, butter-cup...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

CLOSE ON GEORGE, lids closed, sleeping soundly before

A GUN-SHOT(OS)

Shatters the silence, rocketing him up from bed. The sheets strewn all about, he lies half-naked in pajama bottoms.

Freezing, George rises. In a daze. Shivering himself straight before exiting the room in search of relief...

**INT. HALLWAY - - ON GEORGE(MOMENTS LATER)**

Moving in mechanical fashion down the corridor towards the - -

**INT. BOYS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

GEORGE(POV) enters the room to see a MAN standing over Chris and Danny's beds. His back to us, his features indiscernible.

There's a smoking rifle in the man's hand.

There's blood on the bed-sheets.

*Dear God, no...*

George steps closer, his breath heavy and haggard - even before the man slowly turns to reveal the face of...

GEORGE

Rick Kutzman

A twinkle in his eye, a rifle in his hand - -

SLAM CUT TO:

GEORGE - - CEILING POV

Lurching up and into frame with a greedy gulp, a deep-sea diver coming up for air...

A dream. A bad dream.

George glances over to see Kathy asleep beside him, entangled in silk sheets and sweet dreams. On the night-stand - -

THE ALARM-CLOCK: *3:15 A.M.*

Jarred, he stirs to a stand. Notices

THE BEDROOM WINDOWS

WIDE OPEN. Freezing, he curses Kathy. HEARING the BARK of a dog, he fights through curtains to see - -

THE BOAT-HOUSE(POV)

Its doors equally open. Slapping in the wind. A familiar RED-BALLOON sails into the sky as George realizes:

GEORGE
Missy.

**INT. 1ST FLOOR STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

George flies down the steps, a bat out of hell.

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

He charges across the windswept yard to - -

**EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER**

The doors BANG cryptically as George blazes into...

**INT. THE BOAT HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

...Flicking the LIGHTS ON to see...no sign of Missy.

Harry sits on the dock, BARKING at something in the MURKY, LUMINOUS WATER. And then we see it...AIR BUBBLES.

GEORGE'S POV - EERIE GREEN WATER

Strange, shimmering shadows visible, George's arms plunge past CAMERA, groping desperately.

REVERSE ANGLE - UNDERWATER

Rick Kurtzman

hands feel around the hull. A small boat in a large dock, there's space to swim. And drown.

GEORGE'S POV - ABOVE

Harry's shimmering image barks mutely at us.

UNDERWATER ANGLE - GEORGE

holds his breath, straining to see in the murky water before he bursts out, gasping for breath.

But Harry's by the boat-house doors now, taking issue with something outside. Barking without end.

GEORGE
Goddamnit, Harry, knock it off...

He wiggles from the water, cold and shivering. Tells Harry:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
There's nothing there, idiot - -

Only there <u>is</u> something there.

POV: In the Quarter-moon window on the 2nd floor, we see a light ON. Missy standing there, watching us.

And George exhales relief, until we - PAN TO the other quarter-moon window where...THE GHOSTLY YOUNG GIRL. Stands.

Watching us with fiery eyes.

SLAM CUT TO:

**INT. FOYER - - MOMENTS LATER(HAND-HELD CAM.)**

BAM! George bursts in, taking the steps 3 at a time.

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

BAM! The door slaps open, George screeching into view, stunned. The room-confines dark, Missy's sound asleep.

And George is bewildered, soaked and shivering, his gaze drifting towards THE CLOSET - where a light bleeds out.

And George approaches, slowly opening the closet to see - -

THE ONE-EYED YOGI BEAR DOLL

Unaffected, George picks it up. Clicks the light OFF.

ANGLE ON MISSY - - MOMENTS LATER

George tucks the doll in her arms before turning right into - KATHY - who'd scream if not for Missy's slumbering presence.

Rick Kutzman

Her voice is urgent but hushed:

KATHY
What're you doing? Are you okay?

GEORGE
Missy, I wanted to check on her...

Kathy's eyes adjust to the fact that - -

KATHY
You're soaked...

GEORGE
I - -

She quiets him with a finger to his lips. Gesturing to her somnolent daughter before feeling his forehead. She takes his hand. Leading him back to bed, as we - -

STAY ON THE CLOSET DOOR

Underneath it, we see THE CLOSET-LIGHT TURN ON, before we - -

FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 10***

CUT IN:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DAWN**

The sun breaks, bringing much heat but little warmth.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kathy wakes. Sees the empty space beside her.

**INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

KATHY'S BARE FEET

Step carefully into frame, negotiating the steps until she appears in full. Halting to observe George(POV).

His back to us, he stares into the blazing furnace.

KATHY
George...?

Eliciting no reaction, she circles around to see an empty expression on his face. An equally empty voice:

GEORGE
Hey, Kath.

We now see that George stares at a WOODEN BLOCK with a neck lock on it.

Rick Kurtzman

Two things very clear about it: It's not of this century. And it's not used for massage.

KATHY
What *is* that?

GEORGE
Found it. Under the boards.

George stares, as if trying to solve a complex equation. Kathy averts her eyes as if staring into the sun.

KATHY
Come back to bed.

GEORGE
Can't sleep.

KATHY
I'm sorry, baby...

GEORGE
You don't need to talk to me like I'm one of your *kids*.

KATHY
(taken aback)
Wha - -?

GEORGE
Goddamn dog woke me up. Danny's dog. Found him in the boat-house.

KATHY
But you...you locked it.

He turns to face her, his eyes as fiery as the furnace.

GEORGE
When I brought the dog back, guess what I found in Danny's room?

He dangles his KEYS in response. Hear them JANGLE as we see the look on George's face, and AUDIO MATCH CUT TO - -

**INT. LUTZ VAN - - MOVING**

George and Danny drive in tense silence. Finally:

GEORGE
Not a lot in the world can't be solved with an apology, Danny.

DANNY
I'm sorry.
(a beat)
That you don't believe me.
(MORE)

Rick Kurtzman

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm not apologizing for something I didn't do. George.

George white-knuckles the wheel, glaring at Danny as he pulls into the house, and we CUT TO:

**THE BACK OF THE VAN - - MOMENTS LATER**

The doors split open, a pyramid of firewood inside. WIDER to see George hovering behind Danny. Barking:

GEORGE
Get to work.

He recedes as Danny mimics:

DANNY
"Get to work"...

A beat before...Danny gets to work.

**INT. KITCHEN — LATER**

Kathy watches Danny from the window as he unloads the van, an empathetic look on her face.

SOMEONE APPEARS BEHIND HER. Missy?

Sensing the presence of another (perhaps seeing a reflection on a piece of cooking-ware), she spins to see...no one.

But then, something catches her eye...

THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

The alphabet magnets now spell: *"KATCH 'EM & KILL 'EM."*

**INT. HALLWAY TO BASEMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy approaches CAMERA, stops before the door.

KATHY
George? You down there?

No answer. She hears a THUD in the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - - MOMENTS LATER**

George stands before the open refrigerator. Grabs a beer. Turning to find his wife watching him, troubled.

GEORGE
(seeing her concern)
What?

George shuts the refrigerator-door enabling us to see the alphabet magnets are errantly, incoherently, arranged.

Rick Kurtzman

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Whatsa' matter?

KATHY
Did you, uh, do that thing with the magnets?

George looks at the magnets, then at Kathy. Arching a brow, he has no idea what she's talking about...

KATHY (CONT'D)
(before he can ask)
Nothing...just seeing things, I guess.

And George looks back at her. Then at the fridge. And he LAUGHS. Only it sounds as if he's laughing at her. Mocking.

He swaggers off, his churlish laugh staying behind, as we - -

CUT TO:

SNAP! A ZIPPO LIGHTER

Cracked open, burnishing a cigarette in...

**INT. VAN - - OUTSIDE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - WIDER VIEW**

CHARLIE(27)takes a hit off the cig, scouring the Lutz house with narrow, reptilian eyes.

CHARLIE
Fuckin' nice.

WIDEN TO see a PRETTY BRUNETTE in the passenger-seat. She looks 27. Is 19. Acts 12.

PRETTY BRUNETTE
Your boss owns this place?

CHARLIE
*Partner.* I'll introduce you.

**EXT. VAN/THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

They march towards the edifice, a tube canister tucked under Charlie's anemic arm. Trying to impress this broad...

CHARLIE
I helped him finance the place, our business and all...I'm looking to buy something larger, you know? Maybe by the beach - -

PRETTY BRUNETTE
Your mom gonna live with you there, too? - -

Rick Kurtzman

Before Charlie can respond - she stops talking. And walking. Eyes ballooning now that the house is in full view.

CHARLIE
What's a matter...?

PRETTY BRUNETTE
(eyes affixed to house)
I...I don't wanna go in there...

CHARLIE
What the hell you talking about?

PRETTY BRUNETTE
It's...it's *icky*.

And she hustles back to the van. Vaulting in. Locking the doors. Freaked the fuck out.

CHARLIE
(a sotto sigh)
I gotta start datin' smarter broads.

**EXT. BACK-YARD - - HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER**

Charlie approaches George as he dumps shock-chlorine into the filthy pool, the water bubbling ferociously.

CHARLIE
Georgie...
(George looks up)
You feelin' better?

GEORGE
(re: canister)
Those the O'Brien plans?

CHARLIE
'Yup. We're all itchin' to get started, you know. First one and all - -

GEORGE
Put 'em down.

CHARLIE
Wha...?

GEORGE
I'll look at 'em later.

Charlie squints. Obeys. Sees there's something slightly off about his pal. Focuses on the house.

CHARLIE
*Whoeee*. She is beautiful...

Only Kathy's close by now, George misinterpreting. Flaring:

RickKurtzman

GEORGE
What'd you say?

CHARLIE
The house, she's beautiful.

GEORGE
Why you lookin' at my wife when you say it then?

CHARLIE
(a nervous laugh)
Georgie...

Big. Fucking. Beat.

And Charlie and George stare at each other, gunslingers on the draw...Charlie assuming his pal's joking with - -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You bastard, you almost got me...

Charlie's forced laughter fades until a toothy grin forms on George's face. Staring at Charlie as if wondering what his head would look like on a stick, we - - FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 13***

SFX: A CLAWING sound.

**INT. BASEMENT - OVERHEAD SHOT**

George cuts wood with a saw, the office taking shape, as we - -

CUT TO:

MISSY - - CAMERA POV

Staring at you. Yes, you, with those baby blue eyes.

MISSY
Jodie says you should say "sorry" to Danny.

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - WIDER VIEW**

CHRIS
What the hell for?

MISSY
For tattling on him. Jodie says Danny didn't put those words on your Light Bright.

CHRIS
Who's Jodie?

Rick Kurtzman

MISSY
My friend.

CHRIS
You don't have any friends...
(then; has to know)
Who put them there then?

Missy looks at an EMPTY ROCKING CHAIR then back to Chris.

MISSY
Jodie won't say.

CHRIS
'Cuz there is no Jodie.

MISSY
Is too!

Missy goes to the ROCKING CHAIR and picks up the ETCH-A-SKETCH.

And we see(POV)an elaborate PORTRAIT OF JODIE DEFEO. A drawing much too advanced for Missy's amateur hands.

Chris snatches the toy from his sister, erasing the sketch with a shake of his wrist before returning the toy.

CHRIS
See? Told you; there is no Jodie.

And Missy's crestfallen. Chris, however, is inspired. Rushing to the window to share his humor with Danny below.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey, Danny! Sorry for blaming you for the Light Bright! It was Jodie's fault!

MISSY
Stop it!

CHRIS
It was Jodie! Jodie did it!

As Chris YELLS, the window above VIBRATES. Missy, seeing this, grabs him by his shirt-tail. Tries pulling him away.

MISSY
Stop! Jodie doesn't like that!

CHRIS
(with rising hysteria)
Jodie did it!! Jodie did it!!

The window RATTLES violently now, shaking like a guillotine before a beheading. Ready. To. Drop.

Rick Kurtzman

CHRIS (CONT'D)
JODIE DID IT!! JODIE DID IT!!---

*WOOSH!* THUNK! - The window slams down - a nanosecond before Chris lurches back.

*So. Fucking. Close.*

And Chris stares at the window, stunned by what might have been. Even before he sees(POV):

JODIE'S GHOSTLY REFLECTION IN THE GLASS

And Chris unleashes a bone-tingling SCREAM, as we - -

**INT. STAIRWAY - SAME TIME**

Kathy and George run upstairs as the SCREAMING CONTINUES.

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy and George appear at the door, short of breath. Chris cowers in the corner, braying and pointing at Missy.

CHRIS
She tried to kill me!!

MISSY
I did not!!

Not an unfamiliar scene, Kathy and George trade knowing, but flustered, eyes, before we - - TIME CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - NIGHT**

George, clad in slacks and a button-down shirt, looks up to see Kathy descending the stairs. A breathtaking sight.

GEORGE
My God, you're...hideous.

KATHY
(a laugh)
Well, you're rather repulsive yourself, Mr. Lutz...
(then; off watch)
Where's the baby-sitter?

George puts a finger to his lips: *Shhh.* Too late.

DANNY (O.S.)
"Baby-sitter"?

Danny exits from the kitchen, a sandwich in hand...

DANNY (CONT'D)
I told you, we don't <u>need</u> a baby-sitter.
(MORE)

Rich Kutzinan

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm old enough to watch the house.

KATHY
Baby - Danny. Daniel. We know you can handle it, I just -

DANNY
(adamant)
I'm not letting a *baby*-sitter watch us...I won't.

DING-DONG(OS)

George opens the door to see...LISA(17). CAMERA PANS UP to take in every inch of this serpentine stunner.

Every 12 year old's dream. Every 40 year old's fantasy.

LISA
Hi, I'm Lisa? The baby-sitter?

And, Christ, if Danny doesn't look instantly amenable, gaze fixed on Lisa's halter-top, her tan, flat belly.

DANNY
(voice cracking)
I'm Danny...

George and Kathy grin, watching "Danny" gawk at Lisa the way Sylvester looks at Tweety Bird.

KATHY
Lisa, I'll show you around.

Dirty-hot, Lisa exudes a sloppy sexuality. Raven hair. Butterscotch skin. Long legs. Short skirt.

LISA
Oh, I know this place already. I used to sit for the Defeo's.

George and Kathy aren't sure how to feel about that. A BEAT.

In the silence, George - seeing Danny gawking at Lisa - winks at the boy. Prods him forward with *"get in there"*, and...

DANNY
(steps up to Lisa)
Come on, I bet some thing's have changed...

And he whisks his new "baby-sitter" off, as we...

**EXT. TOWN STRIP-MALL - NIGHT**

The Lutz van sits parked in front of...

Rick Lutzman

**INT. MIKE'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

George and Kathy share a cozy booth and a glass of wine.

KATHY
This is just what we needed...
(off George's silence)
...Don't you think?

GEORGE
(brought back)
Oh, yeah. Definitely.

KATHY
You feeling alright?

GEORGE
You know what?
(as if just occurred to him)
Better. I feel better.
(pours her more wine)
Come on, drink up...

KATHY
You trying to get me drunk...?

GEORGE
That's the appeal of marriage, hon.
Hopefully I don't have to.

She giggles. Drinks up. Gaze drifting tellingly off...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Uh-oh. I know that look...

KATHY
It's nothing, I just...I don't know about that baby-sitter.

GEORGE
They sure didn't make 'em like that when I was a kid...
(then; foot firmly in mouth)
I mean, I'm sure she's very competent.

**INT. BATHROOM — AMITYVILLE HOUSE — NIGHT**

CLOSE ON LISA, taking a massive hit off a MINI-BONG. Weed CRACKLES beneath the lighter flame. GURGLING SOUNDS.

She fights a cough...holds in the hit...and finally blows a thundercloud of smoke through the window. Flinching with -

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR(OS)

Rick Kurtzman

LISA
(calls out)
Be out in a minute...

She fans smoke. Sprays Lysol. Returns the bong to her purse.

ANGLE ON DOOR

as Lisa opens it. Danny holds a mountainous tub of popcorn.

DANNY
You, uh, hungry?

Lisa's smile is ENORMOUS.

**INT. MIKE'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON A FEAST OF FOOD

Spread around the table. WIDER ON Kathy and George consuming.

KATHY
The kids, they're just...I don't know, I guess, they're adjusting to everything.

GEORGE
We all are...

Which concerns Kathy. Makes her wonder:

KATHY
D'you feel different?

GEORGE
What d'you mean?

KATHY
(soft)
About us. About *me*.

GEORGE
Yeah, I do.

Kathy stops eating. Stops moving. Stops breathing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I didn't think it was possible. But I think I love you a little more every day...

Kathy looks like she might cry. George takes her hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Kath. Together, you and me, nothing's gonna stop us. And I don't want you to worry, okay?
(MORE)

Rick Kurtzman

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(determined)
I'm gonna make this work, babe.
Whatever it takes.

**INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON ROBERT PLANT POSTER

WIDER to see Lisa's baked. Slumped in a beanbag, devouring popcorn, she stares at the rock god's tight jeans like Jack beholding the Bean-Stalk.

LISA
(dreamily)
People say he stuffs a sock in his pants. I think that's *all* him...

Danny clicks on his LIGHT-BOX.

DANNY
(re: light-box; trying to impress her)
I won this at a pinball arcade.

LISA
(whatever)
Cool...

Danny looks at her as if a candy-pinata at a fat-farm...

LISA (CONT'D)
Did your family know the DeFeos?

DANNY
Who?

LISA
The family that lived here before you.

DANNY
No. We just moved here.

LISA
But you know what happened, right?

Danny's ears perk up, his eyes like exclamation points.

LISA (CONT'D)
I probably shouldn't be telling you this...

But she launches immediately in, as we...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

Chris, Missy and Harry watch *"THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN."*

Rick Kurtzman

**INT. BOYS' BEDROOM (2ND FLOOR) - NIGHT - OPEN ON LISA**

Hunched forward, elbows to knees, Lisa tells camp-fire tales:

LISA
People around here say he heard voices telling him to do it...

FAVOR DANNY, listening intently, scared to the bone.

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The guy was completely nuts. First he thinks his dog's out to get him, so he kills it. Few days later he thinks his family's a bunch of demons. Wastes every last one of 'em.

Danny doesn't wanna know...but kinda' has to -

DANNY
H-how did he do it?

Before she can answer - -

CHRIS (O.S.)
Do what?

Chris. A little man in a big doorway, antenna on alert.

And Lisa looks at him. Looks at Danny. Shrugs:

LISA
(to Chris)
Cover your ears, kid.

Chris complies. Ear-muffs for hands.

And Lisa leans forward. Really getting into it.

LISA (CONT'D)
He used a rifle...Went from room to room, blowing their heads off while they slept. Killed his brothers in this very room. Right over there...

Chris's hands stay over his ears, the tremor of his lower-lip telling us he's heard every word, as we...

**INT. CASHIER - MIKE'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

George settles the bill, Kathy curled into him.

GEORGE
(to cashier)
Also we're gonna need an order of cannoli for the road.

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY
Aren't you stuffed...?

GEORGE
(simple)
For the kids.

Overwhelmed, she inches up to taste his lips, as we...

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - NIGHT**

Lisa and Danny enter as Chris trundles in tow...

LISA
This was Jodie's room. They found her in there.

She points to the closed door of the closet.

MISSY (O.S.)
Jodie says you're a bad baby-sitter.

Missy enters the room, defensive. Protective, even.

LISA
Yeah, well, Jodie's - what's the word? - Dead.

MISSY
Is not.

Lisa's about to say something nasty. Then scoffs, remembering - -

LISA
'Little shit got me fired.

DANNY
What for?

LISA
Hell, if I know...

She hacks a stoner's cough. Chuckles guiltily.

DANNY
(to Lisa; re: Closet)
Dare ya to go in there...

Lisa considers the offer. Then:

LISA
I do, you gimme your Robert Plant poster?

A beat. Danny nods. Lisa smiles. Goes to the closet.

MISSY
Don't! That's Jodie's room!

Rick Kurtzman

LISA
(mocking whisper)
*Shhh. Don't tell her.*

THE CLOSET

Lisa steps inside, spotting the YOGI-BEAR on the floor with its lone black eye. She shivers involuntarily.

MISSY'S ROOM

Danny and Chris watch as Lisa goes to pick up the doll, and - SLAM! The door flies shut on its own accord.

Lisa jumps. Tries to open the door. LOCKED.

LISA (CONT'D)
Ha-ha. Funny.
(pounds on door)
Open up, c'mon.

No response, she puts her ear to the door. Hears nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)
(growing nervous)
C'mon, ya little brats, lemme out.

Suddenly the DOOR RATTLES VIOLENTLY against the jamb -- opening and closing with furious force: *RAT-TAT-TAT!!!*

REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSET DOOR

Lisa's frightened eye peers out through the narrow crack.

BACK INSIDE THE CLOSET

The door seals shut with a sibilant sucking sound. A beat before Lisa pounds desperately on it with her fists.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

Danny fumbles with the knob. *Can't. Get. It.*

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Through the TREMBLING DOOR we see (POV) Missy on the side of the bed, her back turned away from us. Strangely motionless.

The overhead LIGHT DIMS, the white-hot filament fading, pulsing like a waning heartbeat. Then; picking up speed.

Flickering like a demonic discotheque, faster and faster.

SERIES OF SHOTS - LISA & CLOSET

RICK KURTZMAN

as the PULSING LIGHT QUICKENS and the walls are splashed with reddish-brown blood and hair...

Lisa. All ashiver. Too scared to scream.

In the PULSING LIGHT we see the words KATCH 'EM & KILL 'EM scrawled in blood - there one moment, gone the next.

LISA

Her eyes ballooning in terror upon sight of - -

JODIE'S CADAVEROUS FACE

Appearing and disappearing with the PULSING LIGHT. Lifeless, shark eyes, her bangs hang down to her eye-line.

JODIE
*...Hi, Lisa...Look what happened...*

Jodie pushes a clump of her inky black hair aside to reveal a gruesome BULLET-HOLE deposited in her forehead.

ECU ON LISA, mind melting, teeth chattering.

JODIE (CONT'D)
*A bad man lives here... he makes me do bad things...*

LOW ANGLE - LISA

POUNDING the door with her fists. She hits it so hard it CRACKS. So do her KNUCKLES. Her fingers jutting out at grotesque angles, Lisa's too scared to scream.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET DOOR

The kids stand together, listening in fear to the horrific sounds emanating from within the closet, as we - - CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWAY - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The boys run down the stairs as the house lights pulse madly.

**INT. LUTZ VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT**

The spark rekindled, George drives, Kathy's hand on his thigh. And she's about to lean in for a kiss, before she spots - -

THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE(POV)

The lights flickering wildly, She's less amused than George.

GEORGE
Babe, relax; it's a childhood rite of passage...
(MORE)

Rick Lutzman

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(off Kathy; a smile)
Scaring the shit out of the baby-sitter.

**INT. FOYER/STAIRWAY - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

George and Kathy enter as we catch FLASHES of angular stairs, banisters, angry eyes peeking from family photos...

KATHY
(unamused)
We're home...

No answer. Kathy starts upstairs as George heads to...

THE BASEMENT STAIRS

Standing in the eery light, he descends the steps to see - -

CHRIS AND DANNY

Standing atop a chair, their backs to us, toying with the fuse box...George reaches in between them. Flips the breaker.

THE LIGHTS STAY ON

GEORGE
(loud; for show)
Okay, fellas...enough trouble for one night.
(then; with a wink)
Nice work, guys. I gotta let your ma' think I'm pissed...

But they face George, petrified...before he can even ask - -

KATHY (O.S.)
George!

Her voice urgent, George's playful grin melts, as we CUT TO:

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

OPEN ON SIREN LIGHTS FLASHING before The House. Ambulance attendants wheel a catatonic Lisa on a gurney. Strapped down, knuckles raw and bloody, Kathy walks beside her...

LISA
(muttering)
I saw her....I saw Jodie....

The name gives Kathy pause. Then:

KATHY
...Jodie...Jodie who...?

Rick Kurtzman

Kathy looks up at MISSY, watching from a QUARTER-MOON WINDOW as Lisa's whisked away, and we - - CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

George assails the boys, as we parachute in...

GEORGE
...It's one thing to pull a prank, it's another to - -

DANNY
(overlapping)
We didn't pull a prank - -

GEORGE
- - Hurt, someone - -

DANNY
- - It was the house - -

GEORGE
(explodes)
SHUT UP!

Even George seems slightly taken aback by that outburst, a tense silence ensuing before KATHY enters...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(calmly to Kathy)
I got this under control.

KATHY
You don't have you under control.
(then; to the room)
I just wanted to say that - -

GEORGE
NO. You know what? - Whatever you've been doing and saying hasn't worked.
(back to the boys)
From now on, I'm gonna do the disciplining around here...

CHRIS
(choking back tears)
This place is bad...

KATHY
Chris, honey - -

George truncates her with a look. Back to Chris with a calm:

GEORGE
There are no bad houses, only bad people...

Rick Kurtzman

DANNY
Why didn't you tell us about this place, about the people who died here?

KATHY
(taken aback)
Where'd you hear that?

DANNY
Two boys died in here! In my room!

And now Chris has begun to bawl, tears flowing freely...

GEORGE
(growls at Kathy)
The baby-sitter should'a kept her fat mouth shut...

A harsh thing to say considering Lisa's present state...

KATHY
(to the boys)
Go to bed, guys, we'll deal with this in the morning...

DANNY
I'm not sleeping in there...

That is, until George locks eyes with him, and says:

GEORGE
Go. To. Bed.

And it takes nary a second for Danny and Chris to stand, and hurriedly exit on their way to bed...

George stays behind, laboring to catch his breath, trying to quell the mysterious rage within...

Kathy swallows words, exiting. Leaving George to look down at his hands as if they belonged to someone else. HOLD.

MISSY (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
Mommy, what's the matter...?

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Kathy's silhouette inhabits the doorway, keeping a watchful eye on her presumably slumbering daughter.

KATHY
Did I wake you, sweety?

She enters. Kneels by the foot of Missy's bed.

Rick Kurtzman

MISSY
Why all the yelling, mommy?

KATHY
It's nothing, it's over now, baby...

MISSY
Jodie hides in the closet when you yell.

And Kathy's voice catches, before - -

KATHY
Tell me what happened with Lisa, honey...

Missy leans up, eyes unblinking and intense.

MISSY
Lisa was being mean to Jodie. So Jodie hurt her.
(off Kathy)
S'okay, mommy. Jodie won't hurt you. She says you're a good mommy.

And we SLOWLY PUSH IN ON MISSY'S innocent face as she WHISPERS:

MISSY (CONT'D)
*But the man who lives here? - She says he's bad; she wants him to go away.*

Off Kathy and her rising dread, we...

**INT. BATHROOM - - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON MEDICINE-CABINET as Kathy's HAND reaches in to remove a BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN. WIDER to see her pop pills like Pez.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Lookit' this...

Kathy jumps. Drops the bottle. Pills scatter all about.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Y'okay?

She leans down. Picks the pills back into the bottle. Spying LISA'S MINI-BONG in George's hand when he says:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This oughta' explain a few things...

KATHY
(wry)
Are you suggesting that Danny and Chris *aren't* the Anti-Christ?

Rick Kurtzman

She stands. Shuts the medicine-cabinet, giving us view of GEORGE through the mirror.

GEORGE
Okay, fair enough...I know I was hard on them, on Danny especially, but - -

KATHY
(right to it)
What's going on with you?

And he looks to answer harshly - until humanity and humility settle into his throat:

GEORGE
*I...I dunno...*

She looks at him. Feels *for* him. Then:

KATHY
Maybe the kids are right...

GEORGE
(a beat; defensive)
About what?

Summoning unseen strength, she turns to face him.

KATHY
You know that imaginary friend that Missy's been talking about? Jodie?
(leans closer; urgent)
That was the little girl's name who used to live here.

GEORGE
(so?)
Okay...

KATHY
What is it, a coincidence, George?
(before he can answer)
How would Missy know that name?

George takes a hold of her shoulders. Drinks her in.

GEORGE
Kath. Everyone in this dinky little town knows that name, knows what happened here. Kids latch onto things - Missy could'a heard that from anyone, from any*where*. Okay?

Off Kathy, wanting so badly to believe...

Rick Klitzman

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Lights out, a deep preternatural DARKNESS takes hold.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

George and Kathy sleep soundly. On the nightstand in the b.g. we see the CLOCK as it flips to *3:15 A.M*, and - -

GEORGE'S EYES POP OPEN

The room...so cold. His breath discernible, we hear a dog BARKING, George's gaze ticking to its source - -

THE BEDROOM WINDOWS(POV)

Wide open, the drapes flicker like flames in the wind.

**EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME - ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE BOAT HOUSE**

AN UNDISCLOSED POV through the boat-house doors, the BARKING CONTINUES as we see the open padlock dangling from the door latch in F.G.

In the B.G. GEORGE stands at the OPEN WINDOW on the 2nd floor.

**INT. BOYS' BEDROOM (2ND FLOOR) - MOMENTS LATER**

The boys sleep face down as the door slaps opens. CLICK. George hits the LIGHTS. Sees his KEYS on Danny's nightstand.

Off his ice-pick eyes, we - -

FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: **DAY 15**

CUT IN:

**EXT. SIDE OF THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MORNING**

George chops firewood with an axe and an attitude. Each blow neatly cleaving another log with a biting THWACK.

Missy watches from her window.

Kathy watches from the kitchen.

And George splits another log before turning to Danny and Chris - who stand nearby, watching skittishly.

Nearby, we see a huge pile of firewood assembled.

GEORGE
(points to firewood)
Move it from there to there. Got it?

Rick Kurtzman

With that, George marches back inside the house...

...Leaving Danny behind, smoldering. Dwarfed by the firewood.

TIME CUT TO:

**EXT. SAME - NIGHT**

Enervated, nothing left to sweat, Danny's still moving firewood in this sisyphean and torturous task.

Nearby, Chris stacks chopped wood, Harry watching sadly.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

DINNER. George. Kathy. Missy.

Everyone chews in tense silence, listening to the sound of wood being stacked O.S.

Rhythmic. Rhapsodic. Relentless.

Missy watches nervously as George eats in primordial fashion.

Suddenly, he stops chewing. Spits his food into a napkin before feeling eyes upon him. Looking up.

GEORGE
What?

Only the sound of Danny's grunting answers. Then:

KATHY
Is this discipline. Or torture?

GEORGE
I thought it was meat-loaf.

Nobody laughs. Then:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
"The more the body suffers...the more the spirit flowers."

A quote met with collective confusion before George returns to his food, the CLANG of his silverware mixing nicely with the THUNK of the stacked wood outside(os), as we...

**INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT**

George hangs drywall. Building a PARTITION WALL with a DOOR in the center. Balkanizing the basement into two rooms: The Furnace Room and George's Office.

From somewhere we hear CHRIS'S VOICE bleed through....

CHRIS (O.S.)
Why's George such a jerk?

Rick Kurtzman

George stops. Listens:

DANNY (O.S.)
He's not a jerk.
(beat)
He's a douche-bag.

George traces the ensuing LAUGHTER to an AIR-VENT. Snarling at the unseen boys before - ANOTHER VOICE resonates...

WHISPERY VOICE (O.S.)
(whispery)
*...Catch 'em...*

That VOICE came from somewhere else...

WHISPERY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*...Catch 'em...*

George lifts the safety-goggles from his eyes. And turns toward THE CLOCK RADIO. Still plugged into the wall - nothing but CRACKLING STATIC produced.

And then the voice gets louder...

WHISPERY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*...Catch 'em...kill 'em...*

George crouches into a catcher's stance. Studies the radio. Smacks it violently OFF.

LOW ANGLE - ON GEORGE

Swooning, he steadies himself against the wall, his legs gelatinous. And he staggers up the steps as the CAMERA HOLDS on the wall under the stairs.

WHISPERY VOICE (CONT'D)
(from behind the wall)
*Catch 'em and kill 'em...*

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

DARKNESS cedes to light as George lifts a lid up(TOILET POV). And vomits into us, before we go to - -

CLOSE ON STEAMED BATHROOM MIRROR - - MOMENTS LATER

And the back of George's head rises into frame, his palm wiping away the dew to reveal...his haggard face.

Red-rimmed and ruinous eyes staring back.

George tugs at his lids, flu-shivers tickling down his spine.

STAY ON CABINET MIRROR

As it's cracked open, away from George - who never sees - -

Rick Kurtzman

A BLOATED INDIAN CORPSE("MOKO")

Watching from inside the shower-stall; a malefic glint in his one good-eye, he holds hands with the CADAVEROUS JODIE.

The view eclipsed when GEORGE closes the mirror, given view of himself once again. Oblivious to the proximate danger.

SFX: The CRUSH of running water.

**CLOSE ON TUB FAUCET - - MOMENTS LATER**

Dispensing steamy hot-water as we WIDEN to see George disrobe in preparation for his bath.

He slaps the water OFF. Sinks into the inviting water with a satisfied moan. *Calgon take me away...*

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

A blood-orange moon hangs heavy in the ominous sky...

**INT. BATHROOM - - OVERHEAD ANGLE ON BATHTUB - - CONTINUOUS**

George soaks, a damp washcloth draped over his tired eyes. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN just as - -

TWO GANGRENOUS ARMS

Suddenly clasp around him from beneath the water...George HOWLS, thrashing in the tub like a gold-fish on dry-land, struggling to free himself from the CORPSE-LIKE LIMBS.

UNDERWATER ANGLE - GEORGE

as he's pulled under. Over his shoulder we see only GLIMPSES of a ROTTED ONE-EYED CORPSE behind a mass of RAVEN-HAIR. Sickly FINGERS claw at George's eyes and mouth.

George's SCREAMS are MUTED underwater as he bangs his head, the water infected with a pinkish hue. BLOOD.

Desperate, George grabs hold of the ROTTED ARMS, prying them apart, THICK FOLDS OF CADAVEROUS FLESH stripped from the bone, as George BRAYS - -

GEORGE'S UNDERWATER POV - ABOVE

ANOTHER FORM leans FORWARD into the swirling steam-filled tub and reaches down TOWARD CAMERA - -

ANGLE ON GEORGE

as he grabs those arms, yanking himself up from the water, finding himself face-to-face with - -

KATHY
George! What happened?

Richard Kurtzman

Speechless, George stares at his wife in horror. Caressing her face to make certain she's not some torturous aberration.

And Kathy sees the trail of blood running down George's neck. Grazing the back of his head, her hand comes away drenched.

And George stares at her, fading in and out of consciousness, his eyes glassy and vacant, before we MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. EXAM ROOM - BRUNSWICK HOSPITAL ER - OPEN ON EYEBALL**

shifting in the light of a retinoscope.

ER DOCTOR (O.S.)
You know where you are?

GEORGE (O.S.)
If this is heaven, I gotta tell you
I'm pretty disappointed, doc...

CAMERA PANS to the OTHER EYE. Both are CRYSTAL CLEAR. In marked contrast to their glassy veneer moments ago.

KATHY (O.S.)
Don't worry, he didn't have a sense
of humor before either, doctor...

WIDER ANGLE - EXAM ROOM

George dons a patients' gown. Clear-headed and relaxed, a young, hippy ER DOCTOR stands before him.

ER DOCTOR
You use narcotics, Mr. Lutz?

GEORGE
Hell, after this week, I may need
to...
(off doctor)
No, sir. Not even aspirin.

ER DOCTOR
Headaches? Nausea - - ?

GEORGE
I actually feel...great. Weird as
that may sound.

The ER Doctor's puzzled. Reviews George's lab results.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Doc, I gotta tell ya', silence is
the last thing I wanna hear when
you're looking at that thing...

The doctor looks up. Squeezes a smile. Still baffled.

Rick Kuhlman

ER DOCTOR
Well, there's no sign of a concussion...no sign of bruising at all.

GEORGE
...You sound disappointed...

ER DOCTOR
(a smirk)
Just leaves us with fewer options...

He hands A CARD to George. Who reads:

GEORGE
*...A psychiatrist?*

ER DOCTOR
Anything that might have brought about stress lately, Mr. Lutz...?

GEORGE
Aside from doctors telling me I'm <u>insane</u>, you mean?

ER DOCTOR
Look, I'm not trying to offend you here. Just trying to help you figure out the problem.
(then)
'Course, there *is* another theory...
(flips clip-board closed)
You got gremlins in your bath-tub...

He taps George on the knee. Smiles. Exits.

**INT. KITCHEN - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MORNING**

Danny makes breakfast for Chris and Missy, boxes of cereal on the table: COUNT CHOCULA...BOO BERRIES...

MISSY
Danny? Can I get my doll?

Chris scoffs at his sister's folly. Danny nods:

DANNY
Hurry.

Missy hustles off...

**INT. LUTZ VAN (MOVING) - SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING**

Kathy drives. George sits in contemplative silence.

GEORGE
I could'a driven, Kath...

Rick Lutzman

She doesn't respond. Driving. Thinking.

And she glances outside the glass, passing a CHURCH - outside of which stands a slim PRIEST - who watches us pass(POV)...

...Kathy holds his gaze in the side-view mirror. Turning back to George when the priest vanishes from view.

KATHY
I feel like it's my fault, George...
(before he can speak)
I was the one who wanted this house...

GEORGE
Kath...

KATHY
I put too much pressure on you, I --

He places his hand on hers. *Squeezes.*

GEORGE
This is the life I want, too, okay? I'm just...overworked. That's who I am, that's who you married. This is our dream, the *American* dream - no way in hell am I letting it get away now.

She looks at him, his passion infectious. Then:

KATHY
I love you.

Before he can reciprocate, the Amityville house appears over the horizon. And George falls silent. Troubled. HOLD.

MISSY (O.S.)
(in pre-lap)
George isn't my real daddy...

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM (3RD FLOOR) - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MORNING**

Missy straddles the bed, legs tucked beneath her...

MISSY
You saw my real daddy...? Where?

And we realize there's no one else in the room as she vaults off the bed. Goes to the window, looking asunder.

MISSY (CONT'D)
(hopping with excitement)
Show me where, show me where.

Rick Kunitzman

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - OVERHEAD SHOT(GOD POV)**

The van tucked in the driveway, George disgorges first, Kathy grabbing errant items from the van as

THE YOGI-BEAR DOLL

Passes frame, tumbling from the heavens as if a rain-drop...

We FOLLOW it down until it bounces harmlessly off the asphalt. Landing not far from

GEORGE'S FEET

He reaches down. Grabs the doll. Wondering how it got there as we go - -

WIDE ON KATHY

Exiting the van, moving under the tree-branches. Given perfect view of - -

MISSY(POV)

Standing on the roof. Staring down at us. Waving.

KATHY
*OhmyGodohmyGodohmyGod...*

GEORGE
What...?

KATHY
MISSY!

Missy stares down at us(Kathy POV), before we - SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. FOYER/STAIRWAY - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

BAM! The door bursts open as Kathy sprints up the stairs.

**EXT. LUTZ VAN - - CONTINUOUS**

George pulls a ladder from the van, racing towards the house.

GEORGE
Missy, DON'T MOVE, darlin'!

George sets the ladder against the roof. Frantically climbs.

**INT. ATTIC DORMER - - CONTINUOUS**

Harry the sheepdog stands at the open dormer, BARKING at Missy as Kathy rushes into the room, hurries to the window.

Rick Kurtzman

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - ANGLE ON GEORGE**

He climbs the ladder - which stops a good FIVE-FEET SHORT of the roof. Shit.

**EXT. THE ROOF - ANGLE ON ATTIC DORMER**

Kathy climbs out through the window - onto the steep roof. She sees something ahead that makes her jaw drop - -

REVERSE ANGLE - MISSY

walks along the peak of a LOWER DORMER fronting the roof's edge. Her tiny feet step gingerly...one ahead of the other, ankles twisting, each step threatening to end in disaster.

A pirate walking a plank.

KATHY

moves down the steep incline, her face taut with fear as she carefully straddles the roof-shingles.

KATHY
Missy stop...please...

But Missy continues along, stopping at the roof's edge.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(coaxing her)
...Honey...come to Mommy...

SLO-MO as Missy turns to FACE Kathy. Matter of fact:

MISSY
I have to go with Jodie...

She turns away from her mommy and takes one. Last. Step.

Her brittle body falling(STILL SLO-MO), until - -

KATHY
MISSY...!!!

KATHY

Lunges out, fearless, operating on pure instinct, snatching a fistful, a fragment, of Missy's dress...

...Pulled flat on her belly, her daughter dangling OS.

And Kathy begins to slide down the roof, still clutching that dress, as we - -

ANGLE ON MISSY

her body sliding along with Kathy's, a puppet on a string.

RickKurtzman

ANGLE ON KATHY

moving down the DORMER and onto the STEEPLY RAKED ROOF -- then FORWARD...HALF OVER THE EDGE when - -

KTHUNK! Her arm catches hold of an EXHAUST VENT, allowing her just enough leverage to hang onto - -

MISSY

Who dangles in midair - three stories high - her flimsy dress a tenuous thread between life and death.

MISSY'S POV - THE WAVERING GROUND

A dizzying VIEW. The ground seemingly dropping, receding. Her brothers watching in a state of abject terror.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

atop the ladder, frantically scooting towards Missy, racing to reach her in time as Kathy holds her daughter with every ounce of maternal might she can muster.

KATHY (CONT'D)
GEORGE...!!!

GEORGE (O.S.)
HANG ON! I'M COMING!

WIDER ANGLE ON KATHY

Losing her grip on that EXHAUST VENT, Missy's weight pulling her further over the edge...

KATHY'S POV - THE GROUND

slowly, torturously, coming INTO VIEW, before - GEORGE enters frame, grabbing a firm hold of Missy. *Gotcha'.*

He secures Missy on the ladder - stopping Kathy's slide as husband and wife lock eyes, and we - - TIME FADE TO:

**EXT. BACKYARD PATIO - - LATER**

PAN OVER family faces, the gravity of Missy's ordeal settling in as we STOP ON KATHY. On her feet.

Presiding. Pacing. Pissed.

KATHY
Missy...why would you...why would you do that?

Somewhere between angst and anger, Kathy struggles to navigate her emotions...made no more easy with Missy's incessant sobbing:

Rick Kurtzman

MISSY
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

KATHY
You can't do that to mommy...

MISSY
(louder; pleading)
I'M SORRY!

KATHY
There is no Jodie, okay?

MISSY
Yes there is!

KATHY
No there <u>isn't</u>. You have to stop this.

MISSY
Jodie's real, she's real, I've seen her...She was gonna show me...I wanted to see...

But before Kathy can truly explode --

MISSY (CONT'D)
...I wanted to see daddy.

Kathy stops mid-word. *Huh?*

MISSY (CONT'D)
Jodie saw him, mommy, Jodie saw daddy...

George appears, clutching Missy's Yogi Doll...

MISSY (CONT'D)
Jodie promised to take me to daddy...she says I can stay here, and we can play together forever and ever...

And Kathy's anger wanes on sight of her troubled daughter. She steps closer. Squats down beside Missy, comforting:

KATHY
I know you miss your daddy, baby, I know...

George watches, a snarl on his lip. Less than moved.

GEORGE
(to himself)
Christ, and I'm the one needs help...?

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY
(to Missy)
I'm sorry I yelled at you, baby...I just get so scared...

GEORGE
(a guttural growl)
*What's the matter with you people...?*

He says this louder than planned, eliciting the unappreciative eyes of his family, before...

...George glares back. Exiting with that Yogi Bear in hand. And off Kathy, watching him go, we...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM — DAY — SERIES OF SHOTS**

George grabs a sleeping bag from the closet; takes the pillows from his side of the bed; grabs a toothbrush from a cup.

**INT. FURNACE ROOM (BASEMENT) - NIGHT - OPEN CLOSE ON GEORGE**

staring with VACANT, GLASSY EYES at something o.s.

REVERSE ANGLE - SUPER 8 MOVIE (MOS)

Projected against the wall beneath the basement stairs. We're watching home movies. Of the Lutzes. On Moving Day.

George sits slumped in a chair, deeply affected by these idyllic scenes, a forlorn look in his eyes...

Mere weeks ago, it seems an eternity...

The PRATTLE of the projector echoes in the room as...

...George scoots up. Runs the footage backward and forward, forward and backward...not sure what he's looking for...

HOME MOVIE (18 FPS) - DANNY

Shoots Missy in the face with a squirt gun. And for a nano-second Danny's face morphs into that of a...demon.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

stunned. He backs up the film in SLO-MO and FREEZES it ON Danny's decomposed face. Black insect eyes staring back.

And George is alternately captivated and alarmed. Staring at Danny's demonic visage as if it were the Zapruder Film.

PICK UP

His breath getting heavier and heavier, as we - -

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Glowing in the silver moonlight. Silent as a tomb.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Missy sleeps with Kathy. Curled up tight.

**INT. FURNACE ROOM - NIGHT**

George sleeps on the ratty sofa, the YOGI BEAR DOLL in b.g. Beside the CLOCK-RADIO. CAMERA moves in on the CLOCK as it flips to *3:15 AM.*

We hear DISTANT BARKING. George's eyes pop open.

The room: So. Fucking. Cold.

George rubs his arms, blows into his icy hands. He looks up at the basement door: It's OPEN, swaying in the breeze.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

George enters, finds the kitchen window WIDE OPEN. Pissed, he shuts it. Spots something through the window - -

GEORGE'S POV - THE BOAT HOUSE

Doors open and BANGING in the WIND. BARKING echoes inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

All of the windows are OPEN. George stares in disbelief.

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

George enters, stops at the sight of the OPEN FRONT DOOR.

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

George steps into the gusty wind. CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND HIM as he approaches the BOAT HOUSE. The BARKING SOUND morphed into an UNEARTHLY HOWL. LOW. GUTTURAL. DEMONIC.

It no longer sounds like a dog.

George approaches. Pale. Gaunt. Wild-eyed. He grabs the AXE, never breaking stride on his way to - -

**INT. THE BOAT HOUSE - - MOMENTS LATER**

The DEMONIC HOWLING STOPS as soon as he enters. George hits the lights. Nada. Darkness reigns.

Rick Kutzman

George swallows more than oxygen, white-knuckling the axe...

Silvery moonlight shimmers on the creek beyond, the boat bobbing gently on the water. So quiet.

*Too* quiet.

George moves, sweeping the DARKENED place. Stopping upon sight of SOMETHING in the shadows. Watching us.

Crimson eyes. Vaporous breath.

The inscrutable beast CHUCKLES. Low. Sinister.

And George tightens his grip on the axe, before - WHAM - the doors slam shut behind him.

George spins just in time to see the beast charging at him. Nothing heard but the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of its hoofs, and - -

- A BESTIAL CRY splits the night as the monstrous thing lunges for his throat, and - -

- - George swings the axe - *THWACK!*

The THING drops at George's feet with a *THUD*. Still alive, thrashing, George HACKS the beast again and again in paroxysms of rage - each blow spattering his face with blood.

Finally, he tires. Out of breath. Sweaty. Blood-soaked. Staring down at his prey(ds), the victor to the vanquished.

ON GEORGE, anger draining from him, as we - FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 20***

CUT IN:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - MORNING**

Despite the burgeoning sunrise, a pall envelops the edifice.

**INT. KITCHEN - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON GEORGE. Unshaven. Unkempt. Undone.

WIDER to see he stares at his palms spread on the table. Nearly oblivious to Kathy's nearby presence...

She addresses him with appropriate caution...

KATHY
George. Can we talk about what's going on?

GEORGE
(stares at hands)
What's going on...?

RICK KUTZMAN

He punctuates this with A DERISIVE CHUCKLE.

KATHY
We need to get out of here, to just go...to pack up and go.

GEORGE
(eerily calm)
You can't run away from your problems, Kathy.

KATHY
Please...let's go. Somewhere, *anywhere.*

GEORGE
(low; calm)
Don't be so fucking stupid...
(then; out of nowhere; re: broken appliance)
Christ, I gotta fix that...

And she may have heard him clearly but she reflexively says - -

KATHY
*...What - - ?*

And in an instant, he turns fierce -

GEORGE
Everything we have is tied up in this place. *Everything.*

KATHY
I'm not worried about our goddamn money.

GEORGE
(scoffing)
"Our" money...

She slides in beside him, impassioned:

KATHY
We're losing each other, George. Don't you see that? We stay here, we'll have a house for the family - only there won't be a family.

George looks at her. And for a moment we think him heeding her plea, until...he mutters:

GEORGE
So cold, always so cold in here...

He jumps abruptly up, startling Kathy as he flips on the stove BURNER. Mesmerized by the flame.

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY
(desperate, furious)
Goddamnit, listen George!

Feeding on her fury, he spins to face her. Growling:

GEORGE
I'm not going anywhere, and neither are you.

He stalks closer, venom pouring from his veins...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You wanted this house...well, you got it...

She stops. Nowhere else to go. Her back to the fridge. George inches away when he taps the ALPHABET MAGNETS perfectly arranged behind her to spell:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
*Home. Sweet. Home.*

And he's about to move closer still, fangs bearing down before - -

CHRIS (O.S.)
Mommy...mommy...

Chris stumbles in, frantic...spurring George to step away from Kathy(to the unknowing eye, their proximity seems almost amorous). Kathy recomposes for her youngest boy...

KATHY
What is it, honey...?

CHRIS
We can't find Harry anywhere...he's gone.

DANNY enters, something concealed behind his back...

KATHY
(to Chris)
I'll help you look in a sec, sweety...

Chris leaves. Danny stays. His gaze fixed on George when he produces HARRY'S BONE from behind his back.

Placing it on the table. There's DRY-BLOOD on it.

Danny exits as Kathy looks at the bone. Looks at George.

And only now do we realize what transpired in the boat-house last night: In a deluded state, George killed Harry the dog.

SLOW FADE TO:

Rick Kurtzman

**EXT. ST. CHARLES CEMETERY - AMITYVILLE - DAY**

WIDE-SHOT: An appropriately gloomy day, drizzle descends on the muddy green grass. An endless sea of headstones.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACK WITH KATHY

As she walks gingerly past unmarked graves. Up ahead, she sees FATHER McNAMARA, a sliver of a man with inset eyes and a well-worn face. He manages a smile for Kathy.

She doesn't reciprocate, distracted by the venue; by all this death around her. She looks up at McNamara. Wonders:

KATHY
Would it be alright if we spoke somewhere else, father?

**EXT. BACK-SIDE OF CHURCH - - MOMENTS LATER**

The cemetery obscured from view, Kathy and McNamara confer.

MCNAMARA
I'm not sure I understand...

Her head remains bowed as if in search of lost change...

KATHY
(low)
I'm not sure I do, either...

MCNAMARA
(a beat)
Maybe you and your husband - George is it? - Should consult a counselor - -

KATHY
I don't think my family's the problem...

McNamara shifts, discomforted. Misinterpreting her angst:

MCNAMARA
Pardon me for being...indiscreet, but is there, um, someone else involved...?

KATHY
Some*thing* else.

MCNAMARA
(leans closer)
Sorry, I...you'll have to speak up.

Suddenly aware of the world around her, Kathy stops. Surveys the scene. Knowing exactly how this is gonna sound before - -

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY
There's something...*evil* in my house.
(before he can process)
- - I know it sounds crazy, I know that. I would think the same, but...
(swallows tears)
...I don't know where else to go.

McNamara regards her tight and tremulous hands - which she hurriedly stuffs back in her pockets. A BEAT. Then:

MCNAMARA
There was a family, lived here some time ago, that, well, had similar problems...

KATHY
The Defeo's?

MCNAMARA
You knew them?

Big. Fucking. Beat.

KATHY
Father. I'm living in their house.

**EXT. WOOD-BLOCK - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DAY**

Danny's on a knee, the wood-block inches away, holding an upright log between his shaky hands. George towers over him

GEORGE
Hold it steady. 'Cuz you get shaky...I get shaky.

Without further adieu, George thunders the axe down - -

TIGHT ON DANNY'S HANDS

as the blade narrowly misses his quivering digits. And in spite of himself, the boy begins to quietly sob...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
See that? What're you crying for? -
You can trust me...

He sends another blow down, delivering us to - - DARKNESS:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 24***

CUT IN:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MORNING**

THE GRILL OF A BUICK STATION-WAGON

Pickwitzman

Lurches into frame, a cloud of dust obscuring frame, before we WIDEN TO see a dress-shoe hit the dirt, and - -

PAN UP to see MCNAMARA, brief-case in hand. Donning traditional garb and a grim expression. Glancing up at - -

THE HOUSE(POV)

And even now in broad day-light, it seems inexplicably dark.

SFX: An umbrageous BURR.

**INT. GUEST ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

George wields a power-drill to seal the windows shut.

**INT. FRONT-ENTRANCE - - CONTINUOUS**

The door opens as McNamara ascends into frame, beholding Kathy in the doorway. He crosses himself.

*Twice.*

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

SLOW TRACK IN ON DOORWAY

Enabling us to see McNamara as he slips a purple stole over his neck, murmurs a prayer. But his head shoots up when - -

AN OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURE DARTS THROUGH THE FOREGROUND

Here. And gone. McNamara whirls to see...nothing.

A SINGLE FLY

Clings to a screen-window. Its beady eyes ticking left to right. PAN DOWN to see nasty black screws jutting from wood.

MCNAMARA

Cracks open his brief-case as we go to OVERHEAD SHOT of him removing holy water and a large gold crucifix.

The door slams shut behind him. On its own accord.

McNamara shivers. Kisses his cross. Thinks pretty thoughts about Club Med and the Commodores...

Holy water in hand, he sprinkles it on the floor - - *SSSSSS* - steam rising from the floor, a fierce HISS produced.

And then he hears it: An apian and incessant BUZZING sound. Growing louder, he scans the room for its source...

*There.* The small vent above him, a barely discernible vaporous mist wafting into the air...

Rick Kurtzman

The smell is hideous. Wince-inducing.

McNamara goes to the vent, staring up at it. Out of reach.

He grabs a rickety chair, positioning it appropriately before standing gingerly on its precarious legs...

ELEVATED ANGLE of McNamara, his face inches from the vent grill. Peering in.

That noise, that fucking noise, is relentless...

VENT POV: We see McNamara squinting at us through the bars.

CLOSE ON MCNAMARA'S EYES. Lids narrow, orbs unblinking. The drone growing louder, closer.

MCNAMARA POV: An amorphous black mass coalesces. And attacks.

BACK ON MCNAMARA'S EYES as they pop open, before - -

- - The priest is knocked off the chair by A SWARM OF FLIES. Endless insects moving as a collective entity...

McNamara hits the hard floor with a sick THUD...Little time to heal for the swarm has engulfed him. Seeming to swallow him whole, embalming him like a mummified corpse.

Smothering his face.

Suffocating his every orifice.

He spiders back. Crawling. Gasping. Gurgling.

Coughing, spitting, flies from his mouth as he staggers to his knees, arms cast wide like Christ on an invisible cross.

On his feet now, he blindly swats at flies, stumbling towards

THE DOOR

Which swings open on unheard command, providing him escape. Suddenly free of flies. The incessant drone...gone.

The silence deafening as he hurls the crucifix aside, and THE CAMERA TRACKS RAPIDLY BACK, before we take note of - -

A SINGLE FLY

Clinging to the other-side of the door. HOLD.

HARD CUT TO:

MCNAMARA

As he stumbles down the patio(SHAKY HAND-HELD CAM). Hands shielding his face from the blinding sun, we only see him from behind as he hustles towards the haven of his car...

RICK KUHN

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - DAY - - WIDER VIEW**

KATHY (O.S.)
Father...

Kathy. Steps into frame. On the porch. Behind him.

McNamara feigns deaf. Desperate to get to his car. Away from this place.

All of which does little to ease Kathy's fear. Pleading:

KATHY (CONT'D)
Help us...please, help us...

She looks asunder. As if in question. Or condemnation.

And McNamara's at his car, murmuring to no one in particular:

MCNAMARA
You can't stop what you don't understand...

He ducks into the car, triggering the ignition as he looks at Kathy through the windshield, his facial features visible for the first time.

His eyes are crimson-stained, the orb infected with blood.

And Kathy watches her last hope drive off into the distance...

Trying to be strong, she wipes at stubborn tears. Turning back, and into a wall -- no, not a wall, George.

She SCREAMS

And George grabs her. Holds her shoulders tight.

GEORGE
It's okay. I'm here.

And he pulls her in for a tight hug. *Squeezing* harder than he should, Kathy feeling anything but comforted, as we - -

FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 27***

CUT IN:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DUSK**

With the 2nd floor windows lit just so, the house takes on the image of a human face. A grinning face.

GEORGE (O.S.)
What d'you want?

Rick Kuhlman

**INT. BASEMENT - - CONTINUOUS**

George paces in concentric circles, the phone chord stretching all about the room...

GEORGE
(into phone)
*Huh?*

**INT. THE KIT-KAT BAR - INTERCUT**

Charlie sits towards the end of the bar on a pay-phone:

CHARLIE
George, man, the business...it's falling apart.

GEORGE
*The business?* The business? What the fuck you know about the business?

George resembles a deluded derelict, a battery of power tools sprawled all about, a HOLE smashed into the wall.

CHARLIE
...George...please...listen, man. I wanna help you, pal.

GEORGE
You condescending prick. You oughta' be worried about *yourself.*
(before Charlie can ask)
You're fired.

*CLICK.* He hangs up. Regards the phone chord before systematically, violently, tearing it from the wall.

And he chuckles as if responding to a joke only he can hear before fixing focus on the barren brick wall. HOLD.

**INT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE — LATER THAT NIGHT — SERIES OF SHOTS**

of shadowy HALLS and STAIRWAYS in the deathly silence. In the foyer, a crystal chandelier stirs and JINGLES.

TIGHT SHOTS — VARIOUS WINDOW-SILLS

The windows are crudely sealed with an excessive number of long black-wood screws that jut out at unholy angles. Window frames SHAKE and STRAIN against their bonds.

**INT. FURNACE ROOM - NIGHT - OPEN ON GEORGE**

Passed out on the sofa. A DOG BARKS in the distance. CAMERA MOVES IN ON GEORGE as the BARKING rouses him from his sleep.

Rick Kurtzman

GEORGE
(coming to)
...damn it, Harr - -
(then; a realization)
Harry...?

The portable BLACK-AND-WHITE T.V. on, George's gaze goes to something on the UNSEEN SCREEN.

POV SHOT - THE INDIAN HEAD TEST PATTERN

We've seen this before. George stares at it, mesmerized.

**INT. FOYER AREA/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The FRONT DOOR'S WIDE OPEN. As are the LIVING ROOM WINDOWS. See the twisted wood screws jutting from the splintered sills.

George stares, agog as the BARKING continues(OS)...

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

And George steps from his home like a sleepwalker - drawn toward the OPEN BOAT-HOUSE DOORS and the mournful moans escaping from within...

**INT. BOAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

George enters, the BARKING now ineffably LOUD. So loud, that he covers his ears. Crumbles to his knees. And cries out:

GEORGE
What do you want from me!?

Only the incessant barking seems to answer, drilling a hole into his cranium, as we slowly - - FADE TO BLACK:

Insert Legend: ***DAY 28***

DARKNESS LINGERS, a shuffling HEARD beneath the screen, before - -

CUT IN:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - - OVERHEAD SHOT - - MORNING**

Kathy. In bed. Sleepless. Limbs entangled in sticky sheets as she looks from the ceiling to the empty space beside her.

And she rouses up, eyeing the clock(OS)as we begin to track time in a different, decidedly more urgent, fashion:

Insert Legend: ***7:02 A.M.***

**INT. BASEMENT - - CONTINUOUS**

George. On the torn and tattered couch. Curled into a fetal ball, an unnerving smile on his slumbering face.

Rick Kurtzman

At ease with his nightmares.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

Kathy. Studying herself in the mirror, closer than vanity demands. Embroiled in thought. HOLD.

We see *FLASHES* in her mind of...

*REALTOR*
*There's a vibrant history here...*

*ANOTHER FLASH:*

*REALTOR (CONT'D)*
*...It was built in 1692 - the basement, at least...*

*ANOTHER FLASH:*

*MCNAMARA*
(murmuring)
*You cannot stop, what you don't understand...*

BACK ON KATHY

Still studying her reflection, an epiphany in her eye, as we - -

MATCH CUT TO:

GEORGE

Eyes popping open. Instantly awake.

Focus fixed on the basement's brick wall, he remains vertical on the couch. Transfixed. HOLD.

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK.

**EXT. AMITYVILLE LIBRARY - - MORNING**

Kathy on the steps of this stark grey edifice like Martin Luther at the church. Knocking without end or apology.

Insert Legend: ***8:57 A.M.***

She checks her watch, petulant. Jarred when the door cracks open, a frail woman's head poking through. Indignant:

LIBRARIAN
We don't open for another few minutes - -

Too late, Kathy's already pushed past, as we - CUT BACK TO:

Rick Kurtzman

**INT. BASEMENT - - CONTINUOUS**

CAMERA POV: George stares at us. Intense. Unblinking. REVERSE ANGLE to see he beholds a gutter running from beneath the veneer wall. *Hmm.*

He hefts a large mallet up, SLAMMING it into the wall with an inhuman HOWL, as we - - AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MICROFORM ROOM - AMITYVILLE LIBRARY - DAY**

Kathy mans the micro-film viewer as we INTERCUT what she sees(POV)with her reaction to it...

ON SCREEN: "*Six in Amityville Family Slain*"(*NEWSDAY* 11/14/74) In the caption, we see a PHOTO of the Amityville House with the "High Hopes" sign dangling in front.

KATHY. Riveted. Afraid to look. Afraid not to.

ON SCREEN: "*Defeo Son Accused*" (*NEWSDAY* 11/15/74) See a PHOTO of RONNIE DEFEO as he's led away in cuffs, head bowed.

KATHY. Leans reflexively closer...

ON SCREEN: "*Defeo Says He Was Possessed*". Below, see a side-by-side comparison of DEFEO'S MUGSHOT and an antiquated PHOTO (dated 1875)of a bearded zealot.

We see the man's name: "*DR. JACK KETCHAM*"

KATHY. Studying Ronnie Defeo and the bearded man. Stunned by how their EYES are nearly identical...

The same eyes we now see on - -

MATCH CUT TO:

GEORGE

As he grunts and sends another mallet-driven blow into the concave wall. Torn open like a festering wound, he steps back. Admiring his work, before we - - CUT BACK TO:

**INT. AMITYVILLE LIBRARY - - CONTINUOUS**

WIDE-SHOT: Kathy sits alone at a long-table. Reading(os).

CLOSER: See the book in her fragile hands: "*Amityville History Revisited.*" Look closer and see - -

THE CHAPTER HEADING(POV): "*Reverend Jack: The Mad Minister of Long Island.*" The page flips as we see

HAUNTING WOODCUT ILLUSTRATIONS

Of Native American Indians subjected to unspeakable acts of torture at the hands of Puritan Clerics.

Rick Kurtzman

KATHY

Wincing at the graphic pictures, turns the page as we INTERCUT the imagery with cryptic words: *"Purging Indians of evil"..."infernal strength"..."diabolic possession"...*

Next we're treated to horrid ILLUSTRATIONS of petrified Indians, incarcerated in what looks like a labyrinth. The caption below reads: *"THE RED ROOM"*.

KATHY

Turns the page, sees a familiar object: A medieval looking face-mask with devilish horns and a long funnel for a mouth.

*FLASH TO: THE FUNNEL MASK CHRIS FOUND*

Kathy timidly turns the page to see a vile image of an INDIAN strapped to a table. The FUNNEL MASK harnessed to his face, CLERICS force-feeding him liquid as his stomach inflates.

The CAPTION below reads: *"Reverend Ketcham Purges An Indian."*

Kathy lingers on the name...*Ketcham...Ketcham...Ketcham...*

Close by there's a WOODCUT PORTRAIT of REVEREND JACK KETCHAM, the bearded madman we saw in the microfilm article.

And Kathy slowly turns the page, her mouth agape with...

FULL SCREEN SHOT - A WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION

of a haunting building. We recognize a LARGE OAK TREE outside it. And we see a name inscribed close by: "The Parsonage."

We, alas, know it by a different name: <u>The Amityville House.</u>

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE - DAY**

Storm clouds surface, swallowing the blood-orange sun.

Insert legend: ***11:25 A.M***

**INT. FURNACE ROOM - ON GEORGE**

Hacking at the wall beneath the stairs. CAMERA WIDENS to find George - wielding the mallet, walloping the wall with successive blows, wood chips flying like confetti.

He stops. For there, inside lurks...

A HIDDEN PASSAGEWAY.

Dark. Inscrutable. Oddly inviting.

Rick Kurtzman

And George is about to delve deeper when his ears perk up. Heeding the faint chime of...

CUT TO:

**THE WALL-PHONE - - MOMENTS LATER**

In the KITCHEN. *Bring-Bring-Bringing* just before - -

GEORGE
(into phone)
Yeah.

He listens to the incoherent warble from the other-end, a high-pitched shriek. Fists clenched in response. Then:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
How are you, mom. No, your daughter's not here...

He paces in concentric circles, neck muscles pulsing...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Uh-huh...uh-huh...*blah-blah-blah*...

He stops, a maniacal grin spreading across his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Can you do me a favor, mom?
(instantly vile)
Don't ever call here again, you bitch.

With that, he tears the phone off the wall. Flings it across the slick floor. And proceeds back to work...

CUT TO:

THE FRONT RIGHT TIRE

Of the Lutz van as it lurches to a stop. On a jagged rock that promptly punctures its fat rubber. *Sssssss.*

TILT UP to see KATHY

As she disgorges from the driver's-side, oblivious to the damage incurred. Stalking back to...

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - WIDER VIEW**

She slows. As if beholding the house for the first time. Wondering how things have gone to shit so fast.

Insert Legend: ***12:52 P.M.***

Mustering courage, she inhales a deep breath. Forges on.

Kirkman

**INT. HIDDEN PASSAGEWAY - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

George crawls through a narrow shaft with a FLASHLIGHT in one hand, an axe in the other.

Dirt drizzles down as George moves past SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS buried in the walls and floor. Finding his way to - -

THE RED ROOM

The corrosive ruins of a PSYCH WARD. Crumbling concrete walls festooned with bugs. Concrete floors soiled with blood.

And flies, an armada of flies. Buzzing. Festering.

George covers his nose. Gags. Nearly pukes. Points the FLASHLIGHT with a quivering hand...

...The beam of light probing the darkness, finding HUMAN BONES hastily buried in the broken floor...macabre MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS on the walls...a blood-scrawled message on the wall..."*The Red Room*".

George enters deeper, catching glimpses of bloodstained surgical tables. Restraints. Manacles. Death cages.

And off the image of George, alternately repulsed and aroused, THE CAMERA ASCENDS through the roof and piping, as we HEAR:

KATHY (O.S.)
George...

And find ourselves in...

**INT. KITCHEN - - HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON KATHY as she studies...THE ALPHABET MAGNETS. They read: "*Katch 'Em & Kill 'Em.*"

Kathy reverses the position of the A&E in "Katch 'Em". Proceeding to slide the letters together to spell: *Ketcham.*

And now, read in full, the puzzle takes shape:

*"KETHCAM & KILL 'EM"*

She beholds this, squinty-eyed, a matador to a bull when - - BZZZZ!! The sound of the doorbell rattles her.

Kathy collects herself. Resets her breathing. Goes to - -

**THE FRONT-DOOR - - MOMENTS LATER**

Opening to reveal...Father McNamara, his head humbly bowed.

MCNAMARA
Mrs. Lutz.

KATHY
(relieved to see him)
Father...

McNamara lifts his head...and while his eyes have healed, the scars inside him, the ones unseen, have not. Will never.

MCNAMARA
I'm sorry I left so suddenly...

He's clearly contrite. Clearly petrified of this place.

MCNAMARA (CONT'D)
I was hoping we could talk.

KATHY
Of course, please...

She gestures inside her home...

...And now it's McNamara's turn to balk at the venue.

MCNAMARA
I was hoping we could talk somewhere *else.*

**INT. FURNACE ROOM (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS**

George proceeds deeper into the dungeon, his flashlight articulating the walls as he blinks vigorously.

For you see, there, we see perfectly preserved torture chambers. Tables. Tools. Tombs. Each speckled with fresh dollops of blood and human residue.

George fights the visions, pulling on his hair. Wrestling with the madness inside him...

And the mournful VOICE GROWS LOUDER: "*Catch 'em...!*"

George targets the FLASHLIGHT across the room to see - -

*FLASH IMAGE OF JACK KETCHAM*

chained to a wall. Head restrained in horrid SKULL STRAPS.

JACK KETCHAM
(wailing)
Catch 'em...!

George shivers from the sight, shrinking into his skin as he ganders back at KETCHAM. Only now, it's George's face restrained in the skull straps.

GEORGE/KETCHAM
(in agony)
*CATCH 'EM...!! KILL 'EM...!!*

Rick Kurtzman

And George stands there, catatonic, flashlight fixed on this insanity. Only now he looks a lot like...KETCHAM.

The two have traded places.

Leaving George Lutz. Chained to the wall. Head strapped back, immobilized. SCREAMING in horror, as we - CUT TO:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE CREEK - DAY**

Insert Legend: ***2:46 P.M.***

KATHY AND MCNAMARA walk along the storm-addled shore. If this venue was intended to relax, it does not have the intended effect.

With the CRASH of every wave, Kathy and McNamara flinch.

MCNAMARA
...After your house, after I saw it, I took the liberty of calling a friend at the Vatican - someone I went to school with who's now, well, a bit of a specialist in...
(not easy to say)
...*Demonology.*

The word sends an involuntary shiver down Kathy's spine.

MCNAMARA (CONT'D)
What he said, what he explained to me, was if a person dies suddenly, unexpectedly, their soul can stay bound to the place of death; if it wasn't prepared for the afterlife, is how he put it...

KATHY
Father, I...How does this relate to George?

MCNAMARA
It doesn't. It relates to your youngest, to your daughter.

KATHY
Missy?

MCNAMARA
(a grave nod)
Her doll, the one without an eye...it belonged to the little girl who lived here before you...the little girl who lived in Missy's room.

KATHY
It was left here, I know...

Rick Sutzman

The priest stops. Shudders from more than the cold. Slowly turning to face Kathy with:

MCNAMARA
No, Mrs. Lutz, it wasn't...

KATHY
I don't understand...
(slight panic)
What're you telling me?

MCNAMARA
I presided over the Defeo funeral. I knew the family well. I baptized their children, I - -

KATHY
(get to the point)
*Father.*

MCNAMARA
(a beat)
Mrs. Lutz. Jodie Defeo was buried with that doll.

Another wave smashes into the shore, as we - - CUT TO:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - DAY**

George bounds towards THE BOAT-HOUSE, his movements slow and deliberate, a lapidary grin fixed on his face...

...As he disappears inside, and we HEAR:

KATHY (O.S.)
George!

**EXT. SOUTH-SIDE - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - SAME**

Back from her talk with McNamara, Kathy sees a shadow stretch across the boat-house interior. She hustles closer.

SFX: A congested BURR.

**INT. BOAT-HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

Preternaturally dark. As if impervious to sun-light.

The outboard motor belches exhaust, riling the waters as George mans the beast, peering over the stern to see - -

HIS REFLECTION(POV)

Or more accurately, the reflection of JACK KETCHAM. The spirit of this madman taking residence in George Lutz's body.

And George rises to a stand at the stern, opening the throttle full-bore as the boat strains against its moorings...

Rick Kurtzman

A faint voice heard over the sonorous cry of the motor, it takes a moment for George to HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)
...George...!

He stops, unable to distinguish what's in his head from what's in his ear. Head on a swivel until his gaze lands on - -

KATHY

In the boat-house doorway, SHOUTING:

KATHY
GEORGE.

George swivels the BLINDING SPOTLIGHT on her in response. As if an enormous interrogation lamp.

Kathy shields her eyes from the GLARE as she moves closer...

KATHY (CONT'D)
(over the din)
I need to talk to you!

KATHY'S POV - GEORGE

A sinister silhouette, caught in a swirl of light and exhaust.

ANGLE ON KATHY'S FEET

stepping perilously closer to the dock's edge.

KATHY (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Reeling from the DEAFENING NOISE, the cramped confines thick with monoxide, Kathy coughs without end.

In the chaos and confusion, she loses her balance and plunges into the water...the ROARING OUTBOARD MOTOR inches away...

And you can't help but wince when Kathy's hair gets snagged in the whirling propeller, her head snapping violently back.

CLOSE-UP - KATHY'S HAIR

winding rapidly, inexorably, around THE SWIRLING BLADES.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

slamming the TILLER-HANDLE to *"STOP"*.

CLOSE-UP - PROP BLADES

Locking up with a sharp - *K-THUNK!*

ANGLE ON SCENE

Rick Kurtzman

The PROP grips Kathy's hair up to her taut scalp. She stares up at us(CAMERA POV), helpless.

Immobilized by machinery, paralyzed by fear.

And George watches from above, a SHADOWY FORM behind that BLINDING SPOTLIGHT - the menacing and murky shape of a madman.

George hits a button, activating the outboard motor's hydraulic tilt system...instantly lifting Kathy up and halting her just below the surface. A puppet on a string.

The water ebbs and flows, lapping over her agape mouth.

George looks giddy as a schoolboy, enjoying this as he shines that spotlight in his wife's face. Giving stage to her pain.

And Kathy turns a cadaverous shade of blue, her face drained of color and contour, drowning an inch below the surface...

GEORGE

Watches with the emotion and humanity of a dial-tone...watching as her arms flail for succor and salvation...

...Watching as she gulps water, her lips icy-white...

And then Kathy and George connect eyes for an interminable beat, a history of emotion conveyed without word or whisper.

But George breaks free of the non-verbal exchange, catching inadvertent sight of his reflection off the shiny steel motor.

George Lutz stares back.

He averts his eyes, reversing the power-tilt and lowering the outboard motor as Kathy's lowered into a watery grave...

CLOSE ON TIDLER HANDLE

as it's thrown INTO REVERSE and

CLOSE ON PROP BLADES

reversing RAPIDLY - relinquishing Kathy's rapturous hair before George yanks her back up and onto the boat.

Soaked, Kathy nearly hyper-ventilates, coughing, choking, watching...as George wages an internal battle.

She staggers to a stand, stumbling for the door as we STAY ON GEORGE - who vomits off the side of the boat.

Rick Kuzniar

Head dangling as his reflection comes into focus off the water...the grinning face of Ketcham resurfacing, before we - -

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. FOYER - THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bam! The door slaps open, Kathy storming in. Hustling towards the stairs, she stops in FULL-SCREEN CLOSE-UP. Shouts:

KATHY
(near hysterical)
CHRIS...?! DANNY...?!

No answer, until - -

MISSY'S VOICE
Mommy, Mommy!

Kathy spins in circles, tracing Missy's voice to - -

**INT. BASEMENT - UP ANGLE ON STAIRS (MOMENTS LATER)**

Kathy enters frame, appearing at the open door.

MISSY'S VOICE
I'm down here, Mommy...

Love transcending fear, Kathy trundles down the steps without hesitation to find

MISSY

Standing outside George's office, staring in. Her Yogi Doll held tight across her chest...

KATHY
Baby, what are you doin' down here? - We gotta go...

MISSY
Jodie wanted to show me something.

Missy points into the as-yet-unseen confines of George's office(os)...

And Kathy swallows. And steps closer. Every inch thick with dread and anticipation, the walk is interminable...

Kathy stops. Looks. GASPS. For inside the office are...

FOUR HOMEMADE COFFINS

Each with a name inscribed in CHALK. A familiar name...

*...Kathy...Chris...Danny...Missy...*

KATHY'S FACE

Rick Kurtzman

Contorts with emotion; at the intersection of rage and surrender. Lips, eyes, nose, atremble.

And Kathy and Missy cling to each other like broken magnets, oblivious to the ascendant horror behind them...

...A LONG SHADOW creeping closer, spurring Kathy to turn and see...GEORGE.

She screams. He smiles. Oh, so polite when he says:

GEORGE
'Scuse me, ladies...

He squeezes past his wife and step-daughter - both of whom are too transfixed to move. Staring at those caskets as...

...George strains to reach the top-shelf where we earlier saw him place a thick DUFFEL-BAG...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I have something else for you...

...The same duffel-bag he now takes down, a *USMC* sticker visible on its side. George unzips the bag. Grins.

And removes a REMINGTON SHOTGUN from inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
*Ta-dah.*

Its barrel fixed on Kathy. Right before he squeezes, and - -

*CLICK*. Empty. *For now.*

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Oops. Forgot something.

Under the PULSING LIGHTS, surrounded by those coffins, George slowly, methodically, shoves elephant-sized bullets into the belly of the beast.

As he does so, the LIGHTS seems to pulse in response, an animal growing increasingly heated...

...Waking Kathy from her reverie...she grabs Missy. Runs.

George takes his sweet-time. Even HUMS a tune.

**EXT. THE AMITYVILLE HOUSE — NIGHT**

The storm RAGES, the lights pulsing like a spoiled child.

Insert Legend: ***2:20 A.M***

GUNSHOTS (OS)

Rick Kurtzman

**INT. FURNACE ROOM (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS**

George hoots and hollers as he unloads on the ceiling.

**INT. FOYER/STAIRWAY - - CONTINUOUS**

Hearing the shots, the boys haul ass downstairs, catching sight of Kathy and Missy below...

CHRIS
(from the stairs)
MOMMY! MOMMY!

KATHY
Hurry, baby, hurry...
(to Danny)
Help your brother.

Survival instinct taking over, Kathy's oddly equanimous, watching as Danny pulls a petrified Chris with him...

And the house lights continue to PULSE MADLY as Kathy gathers her kin, turning to face

THE FRONT DOOR

Still ajar from her hasty entrance earlier, we see a RELENTLESS DOWNPOUR outside...

And Kathy leads her clan towards it, towards salvation, before - THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT in their faces. *WHAM!*

The entire edifice shakes in response. The windows chattering like teeth, the walls rumbling like a roller-coaster ride.

The House is alive. And it's angry.

GEORGE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Kathy, I've told you time and time again: You can't run away from your problems...

PUSH IN ON DANNY as he beholds George in the kitchen doorway, rifle perched over his shoulder like Huck-Fucking Finn.

- - Kathy jerks Danny away, leading her clan into

**THE LIVING ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

Where the windows CHOMP DOWN like powerful jaws, the walls trickling with deep crimson hued BLOOD...

...That flows like a red-river down the stairway...

Kathy snags a firewood log, trying to prop a window frame open with it before - CLUMP - the frame pulverizes it.

Another escape-route nullified.

Rick Kurtzman

Kathy, even more horrified, when she realizes - -

KATHY
(to the boys)
Where's Missy?! Where's your sister?!!

The boys are equally confounded, equally inert, before - -

MISSY (O.S.)
Mommy, this way...

Kathy turns to see Missy through the living room ARCHWAY, standing halfway up the blood-stained stairs.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Come on, Jodie knows the way...

And while that assurance would have elicited groans a week earlier, Kathy and the boys run towards Missy, before - -

- - Kathy sees something that gives her pause. Howling:

KATHY
Missy, NO!!

For there, behind Missy, George appears, rifle still slung over his shoulder like a big-game hunter.

GEORGE
(sing-song)
*Time for bed...*

He punctures this with the rhythmic lever action of the rifle. Racking it with a *CHA-CHUT!*

Adrenalized, Missy breaks free. Runs up the 3rd floor stairs.

Kathy and the boys face George as they proceed to back up the steps... Chris stumbling as he goes...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'll be up in a few minutes, dear.

He patiently watches them recede. In no great hurry.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

DARKNESS cedes to light with the crack of the REFRIGERATOR DOOR. George stands there, chugging milk from the bottle.

He calmly places the bottle back, shuts the door, revealing the MAGNETS: *"KATCH 'EM & KILL 'EM"*.

And then, without warning, he wheels around. And begins blasting everything in sight.

RICK KUTZMAN

*BAM! BAM! BAM!*

The kitchen chairs, the cupboards, the MAGNETS on the fridge. The sharp gunshots mixing nicely with his churlish CACKLE.

**INT. 1ST FLOOR STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

George climbs the stairs, rifle at the ready. He halts half-way up, gaze fixed on - -

THE LUTZ FAMILY PHOTOS

Aligned along the wall. Only now, the once sentimental and sentient shots have turned sour...

George blinks. Squints. Scowls.

And while we don't see what he sees...it's not hard to imagine. Particularly when he recoils, and - -

- - Racks the rifle, before - BLASTING the framed photos in a hail-storm of shrapnel.

The furious fusillade complete, George stops. Wipes sweat from his brow. Continues to wade up the steps...

**INT. THE 2ND FLOOR LANDING - - MOMENTS LATER**

The LIGHTS and WINDOWS flutter and slap in rabid fashion. In perfect union with George - who fires randomly, indiscriminately at errant items in the house...

A human hurricane passing through...

As George moves down the hallway, doors open on their own accord in response to his proximity. An evil ally.

**INT. BOYS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Lights pulse frenetically as George enters, rifle poised. No sign of the boys, George BLASTS the BLACK-LIGHT out.

**INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - - MOMENTS LATER**

George moves through on his way to the - -

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - - MOMENTS LATER**

Empty. George enters, checks the closets, the bathroom. Halting upon sight of his REFLECTION in the SMOKED MIRROR - -

BAM! He blasts the mirror to bits.

**INT. 3RD FLOOR STAIRS - - MOMENTS LATER**

George ascends with his smoking rifle, his prey trapped upstairs. His heavy steps hammering home with a bleak certitude that sounds like an invading army on approach.

ROCKMAN

**INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING - - MOMENTS LATER**

He approaches Missy's CLOSED DOOR, rifle propped for action.

And George prepares to kick the door open, when - it opens for him. He grins. Enters...

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

Dark. Cold. EMPTY.

George's gaze tics immediately to MISSY'S CLOSET, an austere light bleeding out from beneath...

And George smiles knowingly. Just as Ronnie Defeo did.

And he approaches the door, opening it to reveal - -

THE YOGI-BEAR DOLL

Staring up at us(CAMERA POV) with that lonely, haunting BLACK EYE. Impossibly eerie.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

Befuddled, he stares at the stuffed animal. Ears belatedly attuned to...FOOTSTEPS echoing from above(OS)...

George looks asunder. At the ceiling. Then over at - -

THE DORMER WINDOW

It's wide open. George steps to it. Peaks outside...

GEORGE'S POV

Rain assaults the roof, lightning stains the sky. The VERY SAME IMAGE Jodie saw while pondering her escape...

**EXT. THE ROOF - - NIGHT**

Climbing toward the peak, hand-in-hand like a human chain, Kathy leads the way before - BAM, BAM - - the earth erupts at their feet. Shingles EXPLODING inches away.

**INT. MISSY'S ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

George FIRES at the ceiling, howling his wicked howl.

**EXT. THE ROOF - - CONTINUOUS**

More SHINGLES EXPLODE around Kathy and the kids'...Kathy cringes, hunched low as she leads the kids towards - -

THE PEAK OF THE ROOF

Standing beneath the screaming sky, they look so small beneath the enormity of a tumultuous heaven.

Rick Kurtzman

**EXT. THE ROOF - ANGLE ON MISSY'S DORMER - - NIGHT**

GEORGE'S RIFLE

Slaps on the tile, momentarily relinquished in order for George to climb out...

He staggers to a shaky stand, repossessing his rifle and his Thorazine stare to see...no sign of Kathy or the kids.

His feet slipping and sliding on the rain-battered roof, he advances towards the ridge...

ANOTHER ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF THE A-FRAMED ROOF

Kathy frantically tries to pry open a SEALED DORMER. Made all the more nervous by - -

MISSY
Hurry, Mommy! Hurry!

The HOUSE-LIGHTS PULSE madly inside, illuminating Kathy's tense face as she wrestles with the dormer...

Getting her anger on...

KATHY
(teeth grit)
C'mon, goddamnit - -

- - Missy's SCREAM spurs Kathy to turn and find...GEORGE. Towering behind them. Eyes full of fire, fist full of steel.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(pleadingly)
...George...please....

Bad intentions on the brain, George stalks ineluctably closer.

GEORGE'S POV

Blurry with delusion and rainfall, we see Kathy's face is now badly decomposed, the features of a demonic corpse...

KATHY/DEMON
...I love you...

ANGLE ON GEORGE

Utterly perplexed by the contrast between Kathy's voice and her ghastly image...voice empty when he retorts:

GEORGE/KETCHAM
(anguished)
I love you, too...

And tears trickle from his mad eyes, his entire body atremble before - his finger squeezes the trigger, but - -

Rick Kurtzman

- - Danny whacks him from behind with the BROKEN T.V. ANTENNA.

And the RIFLE drops at Kathy's feet, George following soon after...sliding down the soaked roof....

...Groping helplessly as his eyes meet with Kathy's for one final embrace, and - -

GEORGE/KETCHAM (CONT'D)
No!!!

- - He drops over the side.

Here one moment. Gone the next.

ANOTHER ANGLE — GROUND'S EYE VIEW

George plummets from the stormy skies like Lucifer expelled from heaven — howling, limbs flailing wildly before - -

- - THUMP! He takes residence in a muddy pit, buried face down. Limbs splayed at odd angles. Motionless. HOLD.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT - OPEN ON RIFLE**

Kathy snags the firearm as the CAMERA TILTS UP TO HER FACE. And here's the thing: Her eyes are fierce. Primordial even.

Maternal instincts taking root, she's determined to protect her kin at any cost.

Missy, Danny and Chris peer up at her, petrified, their soft faces sullied by rain, looking to Mom for direction.

CHRIS
(throat full of tears)
I don't wanna die, mommy...

KATHY
(teeth grit)
Nobody's dying today.
(then; firm)
I need you guys to be strong. Can you do that? Can you be strong for mommy?

Her conviction infectious, each and every one of the kids nods. Newly galvanized.

And Kathy grins, tacitly telling her kids it's gonna be alright(even if she's not so sure).

**EXT. THE RIDGE OF THE ROOF - - MOMENTS LATER**

Hands firmly interlinked, they start down the other-side. Collectively, literally, braving the storm.

Rick Kurtzman

ANGLE ON MISSY'S DORMER

Still thankfully ajar, Kathy and kids reach the WINDOW just before - it SLAMS violently shut.

And Kathy recoils, RIFLE in hand as she struggles to open the WINDOW before - -

JODIE'S GHOSTLY FACE

Slaps against the screen.. Staring wide-eyed at Kathy through the rain-soaked glass - -

- - Kathy jerks back, the rifle falling from her grip...forced to watch it slide and skitter down the roof, before - -

ANGLE ON THE FALLING RIFLE

It bounces off a tree branch and lands at the base of the LARGE OAK TREE.

BACK ON KATHY

Clinging to the shingles, catching her breath. Given first view of Jodie and her bullet-holed head.

MISSY
It's only Jodie, mommy...she's our friend...

Understandably aghast, Kathy spiders backs, shepherding her kids with her...trying her best to appear intrepid(and, for the moment, doing a piss-poor job)...

Kathy steps to the edge, peering below(POV)to see LOWER EAVES jutting out at awkward angles from the side of the house.

Below that, we see an IVY-COVERED LATTICE and that OAK TREE. So close...so far away.

But she denies all doubt, inhaling more than oxygen as she turns to her children. Sounding like a drill-sergeant with:

KATHY
Let's go!

The kids stare back. *Huh? Go where...?*

Kathy, as if in answer, jumps down onto a LOWER EAVE. Her kids look down, astonished.

KATHY (CONT'D)
COME ON!

On pure reflex, Missy jumps first - Kathy catching her.

Danny and Chris go next...LEAPING from roof-top to roof-top in the lashing rain, making their unified way towards - -

Rick Kurtzman

THE IVY-COVERED LATTICE

Missy draped around her mother's neck like a baby-chimp, Kathy climbs, her boys right behind...

As they descend, the house shakes. Windows opening and closing like mad molars. The foundation no longer furtive.

White-knuckling the wood, the lattice strips snap beneath the burden of the family's weight...

...But Kathy's grip is non-negotiable, the EAVE within reach.

**EXT. THE EAVE OVER THE PORCH - - CONTINUOUS**

Kathy sets Missy gently down before straining to help Chris and Danny to safety. A beat. They look around, surveying the scene. Appraising their options.

The leviathan Oak-Tree close by, its tentacle-like limbs brush against the side of the EAVE.

In the tree, we see the remains of a TREE-HOUSE. Beneath it, the rickety rungs of a long-neglected ladder.

KATHY
(shouting over the din of the storm)
OVER HERE!

She proceeds to climb onto the tree. Negotiating down the ladder rungs, followed shortly thereafter by her kids.

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - SAME**

CLOSE ON GEORGE'S MUD-SPLATTERED HAND as it comes to life...WIDER to see George's head ascend into frame.

Drenched with muddy mascara, only his bleach-white orbs provide relief from the darkness of his skin.

He rises up, more horrific than ever. Far from finished.

**INT. OAK TREE - BACK OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kathy and kids cling to the tenuous ladder as the tree sways without quarter. Rhythmic. Ruthless. Relentless.

An interminable odyssey, Kathy reaches terra-firma, the fallen rifle within reach before she ganders up...

...Sees Chris caught mid-way up, his shirt stuck on a rung. Too scared to scream.

Kathy summarizes the situation best with a simple:

KATHY
*Shit.*

RICK KUITZNAR

**EXT. WOOD BLOCK - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Subsumed in shadow, drenched in darkness, George staggers forth, a nefarious Nesferatu-like image.

KATHY(OS)
(to Chris)
Don't Move, baby...it's okay...

George heeds her assurance, a burst of lighting revealing his maniacal face as he snags the AXE from the wood-block.

And continues on...

**EXT. OAK TREE - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kathy - Missy and Danny flanking her - stares up at Chris in the tree. And she's about to scuttle up the ladder, before - -

- - George charges from around the corner, battle-axe raised high. Designs on Danny.

KATHY
Chris RUN!!

But Chris's frozen with fear, left to watch this mad marauder coming closer...closer....closer...

The rest happens fast (which means in SLO-MO):

Kathy dives for the nearby RIFLE...Inadvertently knocking it further from reach...

...George rushes Chris with reckless abandon, salivating, Axe raised high, about to plunder - before - -

THE RIFLE

Stamps the middle of his face like a unibrow...WIDER to see Kathy behind the barrel. Itchy finger on the trigger.

And she's utterly calm and utterly convincing when she says:

KATHY (CONT'D)
Back. The fuck. Up.

George stares at her. Stunned. Empty-eyed. Vacant.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Drop it.

George grins back in response, undeterred.

But Kathy, ever determined, pulls the trigger, and - -

CLICK! Empty.

RickKutzman

All of which George finds simply hilarious, laughing diabolically before turning his incendiary eyes on - -

DANNY

Who tries to run...only to slip in the thick slabs of mud.

DANNY POV

GEORGE stepping into frame. Towering over us. 10 feet tall and bullet-proof. Axe ascendant....

GEORGE'S POV

Only we don't see Danny, we see a decomposed corpse, addled with malice and mud.

KATHY

Clings to Chris and Missy, bundled together as one. A family.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

the AXE RAISED and ready to drop, before...

KATHY (CONT'D)
Please...

George looks over to see his family, a scrum of desperate and terrified limbs...Momentarily paralyzing George, clearly affected by this image...

MISSY
(a plaintive plea)
...Don't hurt him, daddy...

The word "daddy" REVERBERATES through George's skull, triggering an internal implosion. A colossal conflict playing out behind those demonic eyes as - -

- - George looks asunder, falling to his knees, waging an internal war as...

RAIN-DROPS REVERSE COURSE, pulled back from whence they came as we shuttle back through George's mind, and...

...HEAR his inhuman WAIL, shepherding us to - -

SHOCK CUT TO:

**INT: THE RED ROOM (RAPID REVERSE CINEMATOGRAPHY)**

OPEN ON KETCHAM SCREAMING as the CAMERA WHISKS BACK TO FIND him once again chained to the wall.

A REVERSAL of the moment when George first discovered The Red Room and Ketcham, as the - -

Rick Kurtzman

CAMERA PULLS BACK MORE to reveal - -

The GHOSTS OF TORTURED INDIANS leaning forth INTO SHOT; chained, bridled, terrified.

The CAMERA CONTINUES BACK with a WHOOSHING SOUND as we are SUCKED BACK THROUGH THE NARROW, CAVERNOUS PASSAGEWAY and - -

SHOCK CUT BACK TO:

**GEORGE'S FACE (OUTSIDE THE HOUSE)**

His head snaps back as if struck by a bullet. And he looks up at Kathy's towering image, rifle raised.

His face caked with mud, his eyes wide and pleading:

GEORGE
*Kathy, please....Kill me...*

The voice, the eyes, of the man she loves...

George reaches out to her, crawling on his belly like a wounded animal...Desperate when he begs:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
...please...do it...

Kathy steps back, watching as his face flickers between Kethcam's and his own...growing more resolute when he says:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
DO IT! KILL ME! KILL ME!!

But Kathy's equally resolute when she says:

KATHY
Nobody's dying today.

Punctuating this proposal with - WHAM! - The rifle butt slammed into his face, knocking George out, as we - -

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. THE RED ROOM - - CONTINUOUS**

...Where Ketcham unleashes a spine-tingling scream, the Indian ghosts descending on his helpless body , before we - -

RETURN TO:

**EXT. THE GARDEN - - AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - NIGHT**

It's 3:16 A.M...*do you know where your kids are?*

Kathy and Danny finish tying George up with the sharp wire of a nearby clothes-line...

Rick Kutzman

...Providing us with the strange image of the entire family dragging the now catatonic George through the mud...

...Past the deflated van...

...Towards the drenched dock...

And oddly, the closer they get from the house, the less fierce the storm becomes. Waning expeditiously.

SFX: The ROAR of an engine.

CUT TO:

**EXT. AMITYVILLE CREEK - MOMENTS LATER**

...The boat travels from the enormous edifice in the BG, the storm now sated as Missy clings to her Yogi Doll...

...And all eyes fixate on George - who stares back.

GEORGE'S POV - KATHY AND THE KIDS

Demons no more, we only see the loving(if cautious)eyes of Kathy, Missy, Chris and Danny. HOLD.

DANNY

Reaches out. To untie George. In a show of trust and, perhaps even, familial forgiveness...

And George reaches out. Grabbing Danny. And clasping his hand in show of love and gratitude.

Off this image, THE CAMERA PANS AWAY from the boat...moving rapidly...skimming over the dark blue water, until we're once again on the doorstep of...

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

And it's oh so quiet. Creepily so.

CAMERA CONTINUES ON, fearless, slipping through the front-door and finding a familiar face at the base of the steps.

JODIE

CAMERA STOPS on her sepulchral shape, tears fleeing her face, trickling down her gaunt cheek-bones, before - -

- - She shakes furiously, a supernatural tantrum that affects the entire house, taking us back - -

**EXT. AMITYVILLE HOUSE - - CONTINUOUS**

The windows and doors slap open and close in furious fashion before, all at once, they STOP, and we - - SLAM TO BLACK:

Rich Kutzman

The following appears in solemn white letters:

*"On January 14th, 1976, after only 28 days in their new home, the Lutzes fled Amityville, forever abandoning their home and earthly possessions. Though there is no evidence that any strange events occurred on the property after the Lutzes moved, the Amityville house continues to hold sway over our curiosity."*

FADE OUT:

Rick Kurtzman